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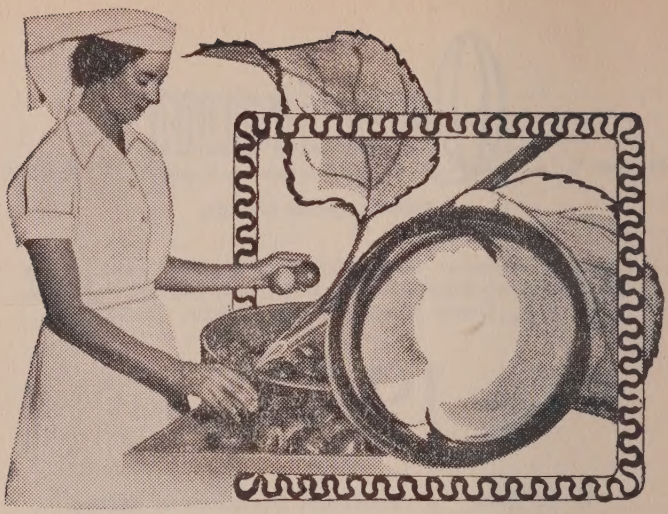

A new kindness to fruit

Australia grows billions of rich, red apples each year — but not all reach the market in an unblemished condition. Bruising has long been the bogey of the orchardist and retailer alike. But damage in transit is now greatly reduced since the introduction of telescopic, corrugated fibreboard containers for fresh fruit. Fruit containers made from A.P.M. products proved ideal.

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AUSTRALIAN BACHELORS OF MISERY

V.L.Borin

ON NOVEMBER 9, 1959, the Italian steamer *Sydney* left Sydney Harbour. The motley and cheerful crowd aboard her included Italians who had made some money in Australia and were travelling back home, to Calabrian villages hanging on mountain rocks like eagles' nests. Giovanni, who landed in Sydney five years ago, empty-handed and bewildered, is not the same Giovanni: he is conscious of the fact that he has saved a thousand pounds here; and that is a lot of money in an Italian village. Australia is a good country, but home is home; and there is now a future for Giovanni at home. Like other young men he travels to Italy to bring back a bride to his new home in Australia. These were the men who were merry on board the *Sydney*, playing guitars, and singing: they knew that when they returned with their wives they would feel at home in this new country.

Not all the passengers felt this way: Francis, for example. There may have been several men like him in the crowd on board, but Francis was the man I knew. He left Australia having nowhere to go. His home country was Czechoslovakia; his mother and some relatives still live there; but to return for him would mean going into a slave labour camp for life. Francis was one of the three hundred thousand migrants in Australia for whom there is no return.

He spent nine years in this country, hoping to make a new home. He worked hard and saved money for the sake of a woman in Germany, a war widow with two small children, who had promised to follow him to Australia when the children were a bit older. Francis waited for her arrival for five long years. Then came the news that she had married a man in Germany.

Francis was already thirty-eight. Why should he save now, and what had he to live for? The answer to forced celibacy in Australia is the bottle: Francis started to drink. He did not like it, but he could drown the horror of aimlessness only in alcohol. Eventually he went out of his mind; the police escorted Francis to a lunatic asylum. He was cured and released; he started to work again and stopped drinking. But at forty-one he was appalled by the realization that he had 'missed the bus'. There was nothing but the horror of an empty life in front of him, and nothing for him to do but to take to the bottle again.

He called on me the day he left; he was drinking from a bottle of brandy. He told me: 'A man who cannot have his family has wasted his life. I am forty-two and heading for the lunatic asylum again. I have a ticket to Genoa, two hundred and twenty pounds in travellers' cheques and I have nowhere to go and nothing to look for. I am travelling to the end of the road.' He lifted a glass of brandy and drank: 'Cheerio, Mr Borin.'

Could he not have married a woman in Australia? Definitely not. Australia is short of marriageable woman. This has been a curse of this country since the beginning of white settlement here. In 1953 there were one million, fifty-five thousand and fifty-one men in Australia in the age group from twenty-five to forty and only nine hundred and sixty thousand, one hundred and forty-two women in the age group from twenty to thirty-five. This means that ninety thousand men in their prime of life could never marry. That was in 1953. Today the situation could be worse.

The situation of many Polish migrants in Australia is tragic. Poland was the first country in Europe to resist Nazi aggression —Polish sabres against Nazi tanks. A young Polish soldier, aged twenty in 1939, became a prisoner-of-war of the Germans and spent nearly six years in prison camps. After that he was unable to return home: his country had been 'liberated' by Stalin. He lived for another four years in a Displaced Persons' camp in Germany. Then he succeeded in migrating to Australia; and here he lived for ten years in some Commonwealth Hostel camp. At the age of forty he had spent twenty years of his life in camps. One day he went into a picture theatre with a small axe under his coat and killed people in his madness. It happened in Sydney.

I had the opportunity to observe continuously the fate of four migrants who arrived in Australia from England in 1952. Two were Czechs and two Slovaks. One Czech and one Slovak married English girls and brought their wives to Australia. They started life here as timber workers in Tasmania. After two years the married Czech got an opportunity to study at the University of Tasmania, finished his studies successfully, and became a high school teacher. He and his wife have four children —real Australian children: Australia is home both for the Czech father and the English mother.

The married Slovak, an educated man and a qualified cartographer worked three years in the bush, learned English, and joined the Australian army. Today he works as a cartographer and has not the slightest desire to see Europe again.

The other Slovak who arrived at the same time, Emil, was a typical strong, handsome, Slovakian farmer. He was thirty-one when he arrived in Melbourne in June 1952; full of vigour, with a ready smile; a tireless worker. He outdid all his friends at piece work in the bush, making more money than they could; and he never spent a penny on drink. His idea was to save money to buy a small farm: he was one of those Europeans to whom the idea of living is inseparable from working their own piece of land. He moved from the bush to Melbourne. He hated city life, but he could make more money there for his longed-for farm. He did not take a job on someone else's farm because he wished to be his own master. Such is the psychology of this type of European small-holding farmer.

In four years he had learned enough English for basic conversation; he had saved two thousand pounds, enough to buy a small farm; and he had found an Australian girl. But when his girl friend learned that he was anxious to marry her so that he would have a wife to help him on a small farm she left him: hardly any Australian city girl would be willing to give up the attractions of the city for life on a lonely farm.

I met Emil a year ago in Melbourne. He was a greying, desperate man, smoking heavily and drinking like a fish. He had no savings any more and was living, or rather, drinking to the full extent of his weekly wage. He said to me: 'What is the use of making money here? What for? Nonsense, brother! I would rather be a slave on a collective farm in Czechoslovakia than a free man here.' He laughed nervously. 'Free man, am I? I'm free to drink here and say that this is a damned country. I can't go back to work on a collective farm, because they would hang me, understand? Therefore I have to perish here in this damned country where women won't share a man's life on the land. Damned country I say, and I mean it!'

He was pathetic and because he shouted and attracted the unfriendly attention of quiet Australian customers in the pub (they were obviously saying to themselves: 'Look how these bloody foreigners behave here.') I changed the subject, asking him what had happened to the unmarried Czech who had come out with him.

'Peter?' Emil laughed. 'Everything he earns he invests on horses, because he wants to make a fortune and go to America. But he has only two shirts and one pair of outworn shoes and I don't think his shoes are good enough for a trip to America.' He laughed at the foolishness of his mate, oblivious of his own.

Peter and Emil are both lost men: the uprooted who have

not survived. An uprooted man cannot survive without a wife. In this prosperous country they are Australian bachelors of misery. There are about one hundred thousand of these bachelors of misery in Australia, perhaps more.

I have a letter from Josef, enclosing two pictures of himself. He is a chef and earns £25 a week and keep. Every three months he gets dead drunk for two days, but apart from this he does not drink or smoke. He has already saved £5000. He is thirty-seven and in his letter he asked me to help him, to use my connections in Germany and find a wife for him there. He would be glad to pay her fare and all other expenses needed to bring her here and he could buy a house for the two of them for cash.

There are several thousand similar rich bachelors of misery in Australia who would be sound prospects for marriage, but to find wives for them in the way suggested by Josef would be very dangerous. An advertisement in a newspaper could attract a prostitute or some other unscrupulous girl, who would run away from her new husband sooner or later and aggravate his misery. Josef might, of course, find a decent woman, but this in itself would not make the situation easy. A girl who comes here not knowing a single word of English soon feels desperately lonely. She may become possessed by the idea of returning home and desert her husband at the first opportunity. It has already happened.

A foreign woman should have to spend a minimum of a year in Australia before she can marry here. This would call for the establishment of special hostels where women of the same nationality could live together and retain the companionship of their lost home country during the most difficult period of assimilation. At the same time jobs should be provided for them so that each could gradually get used to the conditions of a new life; and, of course, they should be given courses in English while they are at the hostels. It is the language barrier that makes the newcomer homesick: she suddenly finds herself virtually deaf and dumb.

After a year of life in Australia (or a little more or less, depending on individual needs) these women would be eligible for marriage and ready to make Australia their home country.

But who feels strongly enough about this state of affairs to start such a scheme? The public servants who manage all these matters in the Immigration Department are either Australian or British by birth. How could they understand that the problems of non-British migrants are entirely different from those of migrants from the UK and much more difficult to solve?

In the United States the problem of assimilation was handled differently. Migrants of each nationality settled together. Forty years ago Cicero, for example, was a Czech city where an English-speaking person could hardly make himself understood. But who cared about it? I have in front of me a Czech Catholic review, *Novy Zivet*, published in the Vatican. It contains an article about the death of 'Czech America' in Cicero. The author says: 'The Czech meetings have the pathetic appearance of an assembly of veterans from the American Civil War. . . . The children are not Czechs any more. They speak English and are American. . . . If an old reader of the Czech newspaper dies, the newspaper has lost one reader for ever . . . the whole of Czech America now consists of old people, gradually dying out. . . .'

Australian authorities repeat day by day: 'No Little Italy, no Little Greece, no Little Anything in Australia.' How ridiculous. Little Italy and Little Czechoslovakia in America have lasted for just one generation. But while they existed they helped newcomers to assimilate the ways of a new country: they gave them the feeling that they were still in their home country, and they were happy to produce a new, wholly American generation.

The proper assimilation of foreign women here, the future mothers of Australians, requires first of all the establishment of such communities in special hostels from which they could make their way gradually into normal Australian life.

There are one million, perhaps two million, young women in Germany, Austria and Poland who can never get married in their home countries because of the shortage of marriageable men. But the present policies of the Australian Immigration Department will never enable it to bring here the one hundred thousand marriageable women who could close, once and for all, the numerical gap between the sexes in Australia. Thanks to its methods, one hundred thousand young men in Australia can form an alliance only with a bottle of spirits.

V.L.Borin

The Broadside Mill at the Hot Strip Mill plant at Port Kembla, N.S.W.

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HELL

Peter Shrubb

JOHN Patterson, thinking how much his wife and children would enjoy being with him—were they all asleep? was it night time in Australia?—stood at the Marble Arch end of Oxford Street early in the afternoon of his first Sunday in London and looked across at the gates of Hyde Park. A thin February fog faintly obscured them, and behind the blunt grey block of the Arch they seemed pale guardians of some less substantial world. Patterson stamped his cold feet, waiting for the lights to change.

He safely crossed the narrow neck of Oxford Street, but was then nearly caught by both a lumbering red doubledecker and the taxi passing it as he dodged over the top of Park Lane. The taxi had to slow, and he saw for an instant the long white English face of the driver in his glass case shouting; but the diesel growl of the bus drowned whatever he said.

The whole bloody world over, Patterson thought. Bloody taxi drivers.

His little fright warmed him, however, and this warmth he tried to consolidate, when he reached the pavement, by hunching further down into his coat and thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets. But in a moment he had to take his hands out again. A man standing inside the park gates with a thick wad of leaflets over his arm held one out, and there was no polite alternative but to take it, and murmur thanks. The man said, in a voice punctuated by glottal stops: 'Oh, *won't* you believe it, and accept Him today?'

'Thank you very much,' Patterson said softly. The man had a long white smooth scar like an old burn mark across the back of his hand.

Half a minute later, waiting to cross East Carriage Road, Patterson looked at the leaflet. Its heading was WARNING in red capitals two inches high, and beneath that in smaller red print was YOU *are in great danger. You may say you do not believe in Hell, but two minutes in Hell, my friend, in the* LAKE OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE, *amid the weeping, the wailing, the gnashing of teeth, will* SOON CHANGE YOUR MIND. Then there was a break in the traffic, and he hurried over.

Speakers' Corner wore a much darker aspect in reality than it had in his imagination. Only dead light fell through the

black leafless trees that separated it from the park proper, and its drifting cold swarms of listeners in winter dress were the colour of the wide black sweep of asphalt on which they stood. Dim electric yellow glints on jars in the tiny sweet stall nearby made night seem near. Two policemen in dark capes and helmets strolled slowly past.

Behind them, ten yards away, stood a very black man all by himself. He was quite young, bareheaded, tightly belted in a wide-shouldered khaki gabardine raincoat, and at first he seemed to be performing some sort of little slow dance: one step out to the right and back, one step out to the left and back, irregularly but repeatedly, with his hands clasped beneath his chin.

But in fact, as Patterson made out a moment later, hearing the man's voice, he was preaching. There was a little black book in the hands held up close to his face, and he was reading from it, taking every now and then a little step outwards and back for expression. No one at all was listening.

Patterson went nearer. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' he heard. 'And not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore. . . .' Patterson listened, waiting for the text to end and the sermon to begin. But the man read on and on and on: '. . . him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. . . .' without let or stint, steadily and evenly, tirelessly loping through the great bush of words.

It still seemed unhappy to Patterson that no one should have the kindness to listen; but even he, wanting to see the other speakers on this one Sunday he had to spare, might have gone by like everyone else had not the man's eye caught his. The African's eyes had the air, as did his small battered black head and his husky calypso voice, of having been hurt. Both top lids fell low, as if they had been injured once, or paralysed by disease; but although this gave the eyes a certain stiff lack of expression, one faint lighthouse gleam from them reached Patterson, or detected him: and obliged him, he thought, to stand there listening a little longer. So he waited another minute or two, rather uncomfortably; and then left.

Without looking back, he slowly walked towards the trees. Along the railing beneath the trees stood, one every twenty yards or so, the speakers the crowd seemed to like. Patterson directed his steps to the first of them.

This was a tall thin man in a black coat too small for him. His red bony hands stuck out too far, and one hand wandered

every few seconds into the chest of his coat and then out again. Hair like straw fell round his pale wrinkling forehead, and his wide dark gappy mouth was never still. 'You've not come here to listen to me, you know,' he was saying to someone Patterson could not see, in a damp catarrhal voice. 'You know that, don't you?'

A pale grey hat near the centre of the small crowd was raised and lowered, and Patterson heard a squeezed perky voice, a little fat man's voice, say: 'My question predeceased yours, I think—*if* you don't mind.' There were smiles near him, and a laugh. 'Confabulistically speaking, that is.' The speaker did not smile. The fat voice went on: 'All I say is this: if it's *really* body and blood, do you think we should eat it? Disgusting—*John the twenty-second*, I said, *I think it's disgusting. Revolting.*' More laughter flared up around him. The speaker's hand wandered, his tired eyes looked out beyond the edges of his little group, and his mournful mouth opened and shut; but if the address had been begun again, no one knew, for loud talk now surrounded the man in the grey hat, several voices raised together.

In a minute, hoping it would not all be like that, Patterson left the embattled tall man to his enemies.

But around the next speaker down the line so large a crowd stood listening, though quietly, that from the outskirts it was possible to hear only occasional snatches of what he said. His collar proclaimed his attachment, however; and if that were not enough there was his long white hair, and the black book he held in his left hand and every now and then touched with his right. He was a big strong man, and his large red cheerful face contrasted with the sullen sallow faces all around him. He looked oratorical. But Patterson was unable to hear him.

The next speaker was also a religious man. He was very old, with wispy ginger hair and a yellow twitching lined face, and as if he were a yogi he held his right arm up continuously, displaying over the heads of his audience a heavy wooden crucifix. The first thing Patterson heard from him was the long end of an explanation of the doctrinal differences separating Protestant from Roman Catholic. On and on he went, sucking his teeth back into place from time to time, steadily ignoring the occasional interjections of a red-faced man whom Patterson came to suspect of having asked the question because he did not believe the answer, and at the end, in a downright way, as if he would have liked to think of himself as a machine, said: 'Next question, please.'

'Would you mind just running through that lot again, my lord?' asked a young man with long yellow hair. 'I don't believe I understood you quite.'

'The answer is no,' the speaker clacked in his old high voice, through loose teeth. 'Next question, please.'

'What's the time, then?' the young man asked.

'Next question, please,' the old man repeated.

'How do you explain the virgin birth?' a swarthy hatless man on Patterson's right called out.

The old man immediately launched into his explanation. But long before he had finished it the swarthy man left.

With shame and indignation Patterson saw this and toyed, knowing it was no more than a toy, with the idea of collaring the swarthy man and bringing him back. But there was no sign that the speaker cared any more about the swarthy man's departure than the swarthy man himself had cared about staying. The explanation clattered on.

It ended, and the same pale grey hat Patterson had seen before arrived, on top of a small fat man with powdered jowls who asked: 'Is it a fact that the idol you're waving there was made by a little Jew in Hong Kong?'

'Next question, please,' the old man said.

Patterson did not wait to hear it. He turned his back on them all.

Singing broke out. There, ahead, a black-clad platoon of the Salvation Army had taken the field. The familiar look and the rousing sound of them were certainly not all he had hoped to enjoy in Hyde Park, London; but they kept him there. He went towards them and stood near them, watching the bonneted fresh-faced plump girls and the men who looked like the brothers of children, listening to the unremitting clear head voices of them all in nice harmony.

But in a minute he had had about as much of them too as he could stand. Surrounded by the broken-winded people of London, all these singing soldiers soon came to seem preposterous, almost unbelievable; and indeed the people, full of reasons for disbelief, with their difficult crooked faces unchanged, went by on either side paying as little attention to the singers as the singers paid to them.

Almost exactly where he stood another group was forming. A very fuzzy-haired African in a brown tweed suit and yellow knitted gloves had dragged up to the railing only two or three yards behind Patterson a large jointed wooden thing painted green, and as he bent over it, pulling at various parts of it, a few

drifters nearby stopped to watch. In a minute there were half a dozen of them standing there looking down at the African as he opened things out and tried not to tangle them with either the railing or the audience. As he walked around it and stepped over it and pushed it, panting, he smiled.

Patterson found himself at the front of the tiny group, and as much the recipient of these smiles as anyone else, though he tried not to seem too agape at the speaker's preliminary exertions. Next to him, however, a dapper young man in a camelhair waistcoat and desert boots followed them closely, with a quizzical air. And the young man said to the African, in a sort of bray: 'Self-made, I take it, Mr Nehru?' Patterson blushed.

The African laughed, and gave one corner of the green thing a little kick. 'With the assistance of a colleague.' A part of it came loose, and he bent over it with delight.

'Old bandy Gandhi,' the young man said.

The green contraption was now taking the shape of a platform, a tall thin unstable looking platform rather like a pulpit, with a neat green row of steps leading up to it from behind. The speaker began to adjust the lengths of its spindly front legs, and from behind the young man's hoarse voice gasped: 'What's your subject, my friend?'

'Hydrogen bomb, sir,' the African pronounced with a smile. 'A threat to our civilization.'

They then all relapsed into silence, into that bitter sulky silence which, it seemed to Patterson, was no less unprincipled than their speech. With clicks and plocks the platform steadied itself under the African's hands; the young man said: 'This will be jolly interesting, I should imagine.'

'Is that what you really mean?' Patterson found himself asking in a high, breathy voice. 'Don't you really mean the exact opposite of that?' His hands began to sweat; goosepimples tightened his cold face and crawled over his scalp. But he looked the young man in the eye. And hearing his accent grow more and more Australian, he said: 'Haven't you just come to be superior, and laugh?'

In a stiff-necked way, as if he were extraordinarily tall, the young man turned his head and shoulders towards Patterson. At first he did not reply, but merely smiled slightly; it was so affected, so much like someone pretending to be Sir Ralph Richardson, that Patterson could hardly bear to watch.

Then the young man said: 'You have come a long way, sir, and with plenty of opinions. Please do not deprive us of them.' And he gestured towards the platform.

Immediately, against every inclination but pride, and without even asking the African's permission, Patterson stepped around to the back of the platform and mounted its green steps, trembling. The platform trembled too, and for a moment, reaching the top, he thought it would all be over before it had properly begun; but the boards held, and the flimsy railing at the front was firm enough to keep his hands still.

'I have come thirteen thousand miles,' he said in a loud voice; and his chest shook, and tears sprang to his eyes. 'I have come thirteen thousand miles to visit this famous place, which I have so often heard about and read about. Half way round the world.' He closed his stinging eyes and saw, thirteen thousand miles away, his wife and his two daughters, all silent and innocent and gentle in the sunshine, unaware of being watched. 'But, oh, we should love one another!

'Why do you snap away at each other like dogs? We might as well all be animals—but even animals are not so bad. Some animals are not.

'What can the hydrogen bomb do to us that we have not already done to each other this afternoon?'

In this strain, jerky both in voice and in reasoning, he continued for two minutes. During the whole of that time he kept his hands still and his eyes shut. And when he finished, and looked about him, the only person near was the African; all the others had gone. There was no-one there at all.

He made quite sure of this, and then climbed down. The Salvation Army broke into song. The African said: 'Thank you, sir.' Patterson said the same.

Feeling tremulous and hollow, insubstantial, the poor man walked slowly away, avoiding the dark clumps of people. The Bible-reading African had disappeared, and so also had the man who had stopped him at the gate, and tried to warn him.

Peter Shrubb

QUADRANT PRIZE

The Editors of *Encounter* have recommended that the Third *Quadrant* Award be given to DESMOND O'GRADY for his story 'Old Buffers' in issue No. 16. This Award of £100 is made possible by the generosity of Mr Adolph Basser who has donated the money for an annual prize to encourage Australian writing.

MY NEW GUINEA

James McAuley

I

IT WAS near sunset on an afternoon early in 1944. Our canoe was laden with large hands of ripe yellow bananas, with pawpaws and betelnuts and a rooster, and American carbines and grenades. We were paddling slowly upon the smooth green water of Patusi Bay. I had joined a patrol led by Lieutenant H.L.Robinson of ANGAU, the purpose of which was to mop up surviving groups of Japanese hiding in villages on the south coast of Manus. The war in these parts had dwindled from MacArthur's massive assault-strokes to this improvised guerrilla operation on a petty scale. Apart from a few native policemen, our troops were villagers who had volunteered for the occasion and had been equipped with whatever arms were available, including Japanese weapons.

We passed at leisure the tiny Peri islands: little coral platforms, and rich green dobs of rock and vegetation that looked as if they had fallen carelessly from the Creator's hand as it withdrew from forming the main island. In the distance the big volcano lightly smoked. The Peri islands are the scene of Margaret Mead's well-known anthropological study, *Growing Up in New Guinea.* When she returned, twenty-five years later, in 1953, to make a study of the new generation (recorded in her book *New Lamps for Old*) she found that the people had quitted these islands and moved to another site, for a reason I shall mention later.

My companion on that patrol, Robinson, was a pre-war resident of New Guinea who was caught by the Japanese when they invaded New Britain in 1942. He was in the party of prisoners which was later massacred at Tol plantation. But, as the party was marched single-file along a winding track through tall grass, Robinson chose an S-bend to slip out of sight, lie hidden, and escape. He wandered with his hands tied behind his back, fevered and starving and pretty well out of his mind, until finally picked up by a rescue party. Now he was a military government officer with a record of laconic courage in forward areas. After the war he stayed in New Guinea as a labour recruiter but was murdered by natives in one of the more remote villages of New Britain.

Robinson knew a good deal about violence and fear and courage and death. I knew nothing. Next morning was to be my initiation when we surprised a group of Japanese near the mouth of the Wari river. Meanwhile as we glided past the houses standing on piles over the water our crew exchanged low-voiced courteous greetings with the old folk sitting there. It struck me that they too knew by daily experience about death—and birth—in a way that I in my twenty-six years had not begun to learn.

We screen birth away from domestic experience. We keep death out of sight so efficiently that it is quite possible for people to grow to mature age without having seen a dead human body. We even remove the killing of animals for food so far from urban consciousness that it is an emotional shock for gentle-minded people to witness the killing of a fowl or a sheep. And as for knowledge of sex—we seem to have achieved the maximum of erotic signals and display in the environment with the minimum of real understanding of sexuality.

But this was a world in which the facts of life and death were known; a world where the inexorable organic rhythms were insistent. I have picked my way for years, with many turnings and stumblings, across the field of speculation that opens out from this point of realization; and I trust I have learnt to avoid the pitfalls of sentimentalizing the primitive. Nevertheless this point is valid: there is a difference in psychic tone between a society in which the elementary realities of life and death are matters of common experience, and one like ours in which so much is screened off, and dealt with in a specialized way, so that there is always the danger that when it does enter into the experience of the ordinary individual it does so with an effect of unbalancing shock and disarray.

At any rate, the first corpses I had ever seen at close quarters were those of the Japanese whom we attacked by surprise next morning. They died from bullets or grenade-fragments, or in many cases they lay with their chests blown out by the grenade which they had held against themselves in a soldier's suicide. The flies, appearing as the sun rose, crept into the pale pink shells of their gaping mouths.

But such incidents were extra-curricular for me, and it was not long before I returned to the business which had taken me to New Guinea at that time, and which held me bound thereafter to New Guinea's concerns for seventeen years: the study of what in wartime we called its 'civil affairs'. It was as a performing flea in A.A.Conlon's remarkable circus, the Australian Army Directorate of Research and Civil Affairs, that I encoun-

tered the challenge of a vocation I had not expected, and have never regretted, in spite of difficulties.

It is strange, though, how things come round. When I was fifteen I read *The Golden Bough*—borrowing volume after volume from that true *alma mater* of mine, the City of Sydney Lending Library. After wandering dazed and excited through Sir James Frazer's ethnological labyrinth, in which, incidentally, my disturbed religious faith finally died, I thought I should like to become an anthropologist, and pursue researches amongst the primitives. Later I veered away, and wanted above all to be a literary scholar, simply because all I wanted to do was to read literature, and especially poetry. It seemed to me to be an excellent idea to be paid to read poetry, and it still does. But as it turned out, it was the world of the primitives that got first claim on me; and when, immediately after the war, the opportunity came of a choice between literature and government as academic roads, I felt bound to continue sharing in the enterprise of building the Australian School of Pacific Administration, for the labourers available in the field at that time were indeed few, and the whole enterprise uncertain, but important.

II

I have mentioned the Peri islands, where Margaret Mead studied an island culture still in a primitive state. When she left the first time, the people were preparing to change their way of life by accepting the Christianity of the Catholic Mission. Much had happened by the time she returned twenty-five years later.

The people of Manus, as elsewhere in New Guinea, were very conscious of the fact that the Australians, having been chased out of the islands by the more powerful Japanese, were re-installed only by the power and favour of the United States. Nor was it only American power that impressed them: still more it was American wealth and generosity. It struck many of the people that if they had to be ruled by someone, it would be better to go to the biggest firm in the business. Why put up with the Americans' poor cousins, the Australians, if they could get really big material progress by hitching on to the United States? In August, 1946, there was still a US naval base in Manus. The leaders of many of the Manus communities requested an interview with the commander, at which they said that they wanted the United States to take them over, because their previous rulers—first the Germans, then the Australians—while using them as labourers had done nothing for them and

given them no schooling. They pointed out that it was the Americans who had re-conquered the islands, while the Australians had fled in 1942.

There was a to-do in Port Moresby when the embarrassed US commander reported this matter. A very senior official, the late Mr Robert Melrose, who had been District Officer in Manus after World War I, went up to talk to the people. They gave him a bad hearing, and spoke of the failure of the government to do anything for them in the past. He said, 'It's a new government now.' A spokesman said, 'But we notice you're still in it.' He promised schools and progress. A spokesman stood up and said, 'You told my father the same thing twenty-five years ago.'

Well, the Americans left Manus in due course. But the minds of the people remained disturbed, seeking a road of progress and feeling that all visible roads were blocked. Their frustrated longings and resentment turned them against the Catholic Mission too. To the Melanesian, a religion is above all a technology: it is the knowledge of *how* to bring the community into the correct relation, by rites and spells, with the divinities and spirit-beings and cosmic forces that can make or mar man's this-worldly wealth and well-being. Christianity, as the religion of the white man, had been accepted by the people as the road of progress. But it had not worked for them. If the Catholic missionaries had the 'secret of the wealth' they were keeping it shut away from the people: the talk of the Mission was not 'straight'. The true way must be sought elsewhere.

Now a wave of Cargo Cult swept over the Manus people. Cargo Cult is a recurring phenomenon in Melanesia: it has a structure analogous with the millenarian cults of disturbed and frustrated elements of society in mediaeval Europe. The Cargo is the white man's wealth. God, or the spirit-ancestors, will send the Cargo to the people, in ships or planes. In preparation for the event, the cult prophet or leader often orders that all the old forms of property must be thrown away into the sea. What the Peri people threw away at this time, along with their personal belongings, was the religion of the missionaries.

The wave of Cargo Cult subsided, but the breach with the Mission was not healed. Among the people a New Way was now proclaimed, by a new magnetic leader, named Paliau, a former policeman who had been a civil affairs officer for the Japanese in Rabaul and had now returned home. Paliau combined religious revelation with a secular programme. Everything was to be made modern; the past was to be abandoned.

It was then that the people of Peri, under the influence of Paliau's movement, left their tiny islands and built a new village elsewhere.

When Margaret Mead left these people the second time, the people were again preparing with tense excitement to embrace a new life. The Administration was attempting to canalize and legitimize the modernist movement of Paliau by creating a system of elected local government, into which channels these energies could safely flow. The people of Peri were waiting to be included in a Local Government Council which would give the New Way an approved institutional form. Great expectations, conceived always in an apocalyptic mode, with magical shortcuts in the absence of real knowledge of causes . . . and the results always, in the nature of things, so slow, so meagre. And the everyday routine of the white man's type of institution so exacting, so drab, in its actual working.

Everywhere in Papua and New Guinea in those post-war years one encountered the signs of restless frustrated seeking for change and material progress. The Cargo itself—the white man's wealth—was a symbol. It was not merely a question of desire for material goods. These things were the outward signs of status and prestige. The deepest desire of the Melanesian was to recover his status in a world where once he was on top of creation, but, since the coming of the white man, he had suddenly found himself at the bottom of every scale of values—social, economic, cultural. Many, and sometimes very frank and bitter, were the expressions of this feeling of frustration I heard in those years. But the most revealing text is one recorded by a friend of mine, J.H.Wootten, in converse with a leader of a cult movement in an inland village in Manus:

> If the Germans had taught us, we would now be the same as you. If the Japanese had taught us we would now be brothers.[1] If the English had taught us we would now have one fashion. But no, you hide your knowledge. You have no feeling for us. We are your dogs, your pigs. We work for you, we are your pick, your shovel, your car, your engine, your cow. You do not want us to understand. One generation grows up, works and dies. Another comes, works and follows it to the grave. Another, another and another. But when will the whiteman disclose to us one of his ideas?. . . Some of our men have been to school with the mission. We were looking for a road and thought we had found it. But the road was not straight. They did not show us the straight road that would lead us on to your knowledge, your ideas, your language. . . . Our minds, brother, are like a worm under the earth, trying to find a way to the surface. We go on

[1] These Japanese were not the wartime occupying force but the Japanese who developed the first plantations in Manus under the German regime. By the English are meant the pre-war Australian settlers and officials.

> and on and on, and we are just about to come up when the whiteman says, 'no', and blocks the way. We go back. We make another tunnel. Again we work on and on. Again we are just about to find a way out when the whiteman says, 'No, no good you have understanding', and blocks the way. . . . If the whiteman would only open his hand, we would be brothers. But he keeps it tightly shut. He has locked all his knowledge in a box, and where are we to find the key? We are but dogs and pigs. . . .'

What could one say to this? It was not in relation to Manus, but in an area to which I gave much attention in Papua, that I wrote in one of my notebooks: 'Right through this district, one has only to sit down and give them time to make up their minds to talk and they will fasten to one's shoulders the whole weary load of their ambitions and frustrations.' It was in this area of Papua, the Kairuku sub-district, that I arranged in 1949 to stay for a few days in a particular village, Bereina. I did not know what I had set in motion. Great things were expected of this event. They were convinced that I, a teacher from Australia, was the answer to their problem . . . if only I could be induced to stay with them and teach and guide them.

My reception was therefore on a lavish scale: a fowl and heaped vegetables were presented; a dance (or *sing-sing*) was organized for the evening; the Village Constable knelt down to unlace my boots. Mika, the village's prime mover in modern affairs, chairman of a so-called Co-operative Society, had vacated his own house, and provided me with the best Papuan cook I ever found. These attentions were acutely embarrassing. One could make return on the spot for gifts and hospitality, but one could not produce the great results which they were hoping for. All I could do was promise to speak on their behalf to the Administration, and tell people in Australia of their needs.

They danced that night as they had not danced for years. The old men began remembering songs and dances that had been almost forgotten. These are people who have a flair for display, in bird-of-paradise plumes and parrot feathers and bright flowers, with brilliant painting of the body and face, and gleaming white shell and bone ornaments, and oiled copper skin, the whole gorgeous show swaying and chanting in lines to the rhythm of the hand-drum, while the women, with their coloured grass shirts aflow, and their breasts gleaming in the firelight, clap hands and sway in chorus. Mika, as a modern business man, took no part in these backward festivities, but was pleased if they had the right effect on me. Another progressive person, a bitter neurotic educated woman, married to an uneducated man, said to me: 'Papua is the worst place

in the world, I think. The people are too slow, their brains are no good, they are too much in the dance, they sleep instead of work. They are too much inside their own customs; you cannot do anything with them. I say to them: You lie down and sleep: you want something, but think that money has hands and feet to walk up the road to you.'

The *sing-sing* went on all night. When I fell asleep it had so penetrated and pulsed through me that it continued in my dreams to be the intoxicating medium in which I existed physically and mentally. The last of the dancers did not halt until midday the next day.

I did try to arrange certain kinds of help for Mika and his 'Co-operative'. But what could one really do? The Administration's resources were strained out in all directions and could not stretch to continuous contact with Bereina, which was a village of poor prospects and no significance. I visited the village two years later. There was a Co-operative officer at Kairuku who was trying to help. But Mika's affairs were sinking into a mess and he was becoming discouraged. It was not for another three years that I returned, walking down this time from the mountains at the back and coming in unannounced. The village was in a depressingly demoralized state. Mika's venture had finally collapsed and several hundred pounds worth of stock was unaccounted for. I thought back to the welcome and the feast, and their earnest pleas for me to stay with them and show them how to progress. I wasn't very happy with the taste of these things in the mouth, but it is a taste one has to get used to in New Guinea.

III

> Chère Nouvelle-Guinée, quelle école de détachement et de sainteté, si l'on voulait! Tout, la terre et les gens — même ceux que l'on élève et veut aimer — vous tiennent à distance et se dérobent tellement! J'en ai parfois le vif et douloureux sentiment. . . . Oui, de quoi faire de la grande sainteté, à la rude école du détachement et du travail uniquement pour Dieu.

No two persons were better qualified to speak of New Guinea, with its harshness and unyieldingness, as 'a school of detachment and of sanctity', than the writer of the letter from which this passage is quoted, and the person to whom it was written.

The writer was Alain de Boismenu, whom I knew only in his old age when he lived in deep retirement in the field of his missionary labours in Papua. Part of that field was the area I have just been speaking of. Alain de Boismenu was once described by his friend Paul Claudel as 'the bishop with heart of a lion'.

Indeed he had the quality of lion and eagle, but also the sweetness and gentleness which sometimes flowers in such men, especially in old age. I would nominate him as the person in my experience who most completely exemplified 'greatness'—an inspiring force of mind and will, large views, courage, intense affections and complete self-abnegation, cheerfulness, candour, a noble simplicity utterly devoid of pretention. And behind these qualities something more, as all his associates knew: a rare sanctity and unerring spiritual discernment. Very characteristic was the reply he once gave to the question: 'By what sign can sanctity be recognized?' His answer was: 'By naturalness.'[2]

The same qualities were present in the person to whom he wrote the letter from which I quoted: Marie-Thérèse Noblet, a Frenchwoman who was the first superior of an order of Papuan sisters. I never met her, for she died in 1930, yet she has had a deep influence on my life, in ways that I need not attempt to trace here, and perhaps could not fully do so if I tried.

It is indeed strange how things come round. If it was in the midst of Sir James Frazer's speculations on the primitive that my early religious faith succumbed, it was in the midst of the actually primitive that it stirred and woke at last to a fuller and more assured life. Now, to be a believing Christian means to accept as fact what the gospels say not only of the action of divine power (as in miracles) but also of the action of created spiritual beings—angels and demons. I think that to a modern unbeliever the notion of angelic activity and demonic activity in the cosmos seems much more absurdly remote from the possibility of sober acceptance than the notion of divine activity. And I also think that if one subjected the faith of a modern believer to a sort of depth-analysis to determine which parts were real to the mind and imagination and will, and which were unreal, one would find that the action of angels, but especially of fallen angels, demons, was somewhat uneasily assented to, poorly developed, and mainly pushed out of sight. (This, of course, has nothing to do with the truth or falsity of the belief, which is not to be decided by prevailing climates of opinion or one's state of imaginative habituation.) I raise this question here because the life of Marie-Thérèse Noblet presents both believer and unbeliever with a startling and disconcerting challenge. It was the locus not only of apparent divine action but also, apparently, of violent and outrageous demonic action.

[2] This remark is referred to in the title of a memoir written by André Dupeyrat and François de la Noë, *Sainteté au naturel: Alain de Boismenu*, Paris, Fayard, 1958.

It was only after her death that the hidden facts, hitherto known only to her spiritual director, Archbishop de Boismenu, and a very few others, were made public, and the 'case' has been the subject of considerable controversy in Europe.[3] My own acceptance of the authenticity of Marie-Thérèse's mystical way rests very largely on my confidence in the chief witness, Alain de Boismenu: not a weak-minded, credulous or inexperienced observer, but a man of ripe experience, keen and shrewd judgment, and flawless probity.

It is not my wish to draw the possibly unwilling, perhaps smiling or irritated, reader further into the realm of the preternatural. Indeed I would repeat the warning that the inquirer is likely to find the facts, as asserted, disconcerting and not at all in conformity with a sober Anglo-Saxon good taste. I mention them here because they cannot be excluded from the picture of New Guinea I am trying to present—the image that is in my memory, with the colours and lighting and relief given by my feelings and recollections. Part of the reality and grandeur of New Guinea is that it has been a 'school of sanctity' for some —and I could willingly name others, living and dead, besides the two I have mentioned. The paths of New Guinea can be hard, exhausting, and at times dangerous. Even the magnificence of scene, in lowland rain-forests or on mountain-heights, may quickly become a weight and oppression as the spirit tires. For those who have truly undertaken the *dur métier*, as Boismenu repeatedly called it, the 'hard trade' of evangelism, the roads can be a veritable *via crucis*: let no one make light of it. The gaiety, charm, practical good sense, and endurance which I found so conspicuously among these French missionaries, are more often than not acquired and perfected at the price of pain and desolation. That is the law of the spiritual kingdom. One of the masters in that kingdom was the old prelate who lived in almost eremitical retirement amongst the citrus trees in the green valley of Kubuna. Amongst sayings of his which I vividly remember, there are some words he wrote long ago[4] —words which I have often repeated to myself, and sometimes to others, in some recent troubles quite different from those that Boismenu had in mind:

> In the apostolate one must be neither an optimist nor a pessimist. Optimism has its dangers, its errors, yet it is at times the spring of fine initiatives

[3] A controversy was conducted in *Etudes Carmélitaines*, 1938 and 1939; the medical and psychological problems are well analysed in Pierre Giscard, *Mystique ou hystérie? à propos de Marie-Thérèse Noblet*, Paris, La Colombe, 1952.
[4] Pastoral Letter, 24 February, 1908.

> and serious work. Pessimism, on the other hand is the source of nothing whatever, it paralyses all impulse, deadens every generous feeling; it is usually a screen for laziness, and always the sign of a certain wilfulness of character; it is the canker of zeal. . . . Between the two is *confidence in God*.

IV

What kind of New Guinea are we making? Admittedly in the long run it will be what the native people themselves can make of it. But we must bear a great deal of responsibility, while the initiative still remains with us.

Ever since 1944, when I first went there, I have felt that New Guinea would be a test of our quality as a nation: that something worthwhile could be created there; and on the other hand that failure could come through lack of foresight, understanding, sympathy, and clear principles of action. Perhaps this is an excessively nationalist way of viewing the matter, but I can't help that now.

The question, what kind of New Guinea? has a decidedly political aspect today and an urgency, which hardly anyone would have admitted possible fifteen—or ten—or even five years ago. My own concern, though today it is dominated by the political problem (discussion of which I initiated in the early fifties, in a rather unreceptive atmosphere) has passed through three stages, of which the 'political' is the last. The other two I would name, in retrospect, the 'reformist', and the 'social'.

If I have given the impression earlier that the original emotional tie between myself and New Guinea was merely sympathy with the native people, I take the opportunity of correcting it. It was as much, if not more, a feeling for my fellow-Australians in the field staff of the Native Affairs Department. I admired the work that some of them—men like Jim Taylor and Ivan Champion and Keith McCarthy—had done in uncontrolled areas. I admired the courage and steadfastness which many men had shown when everything seemed to crumble under the Japanese advance in 1942, and the work done in forward areas throughout the war. There was an element of hero-worship in my sentinents, such as the timid and sedentary are prone to feel.

I also felt involved in the enterprise which largely arose from A.A.Conlon's Directorate of Research and Civil Affairs and which came out in public as the 'Ward policy' of reform and development in Papua and New Guinea. Though there were anguished cries of 'socialism' and worse, the policy amounted to no more than a belated attempt to catch up with the policies in colonial administration accepted by British Conservatives.

We never did fully catch up: partly because of the inherent difficulties of the territory, and partly because of administrative inertia. But at any rate this was the reformist enterprise to which I felt committed. The Australian School of Pacific Administration was the academic part of the programme, and on two occasions I chose to remain with it, during its precarious formative period, rather than accept invitations to teach at the London School of Economics, and transfer my interests to British South-East Asian territories. The sense of novel enterprise has inevitably drained out of the institution as it became established, and by no means all of our earlier hopes for it have been realized. Now that changes are swiftly accumulating in New Guinea, and the Public Service will become more and more rapidly 'nativized', the role of the School needs to be thought out again—assuming there is time to think and plan afresh.

It was as I sank deeper into the study of the problems thrown up by our initial reformist programme that I entered the second stage of my concern, in which I could see exemplified in the small field of New Guinea the great drama of the disintegration of traditional cultures, and the groping for the means of creating a new social order in the modern world. It became for me a period of intellectual crisis, because every question about the nature of man and society was opened up. I was concerned with the question by what means, with what constitutive propositions, through what creative forces, under what disciplines, a civilization could come into being and be maintained in being. How were the New Guinea people going to step out of a decayed primitive culture, and embrace and make their own, in knowledge and habit, in inward acceptance and institutional result, those things that seem to me essential: for example, the acceptance of the notion of the human 'person' with its structure of intellect and free will and moral responsibility, its intrinsic and inalienable dignity and obligations and rights, its need to find the freedom of self-fulfilment through order and love? (If anyone thinks that this notion of the 'person', with all it implies, is something that comes automatically and universally, and does not have to be learned, and learned by heart, he has not understood his own civilization.) How, moreover, was the new social life to flower colourfully into figurations of meaningful beauty through art and rite and celebration that generate energy and bring communion and joy? What wisdom would build this house, and furnish and decorate it, and maintain it?

Certainly, I decided, it was not our sterile secularism with

its will to *desecrate*, literally, all departments of life; nor our disintegrated liberalism with its inability to rationally affirm or practically defend its own values; nor our mixture of shiftless hedonism with abstract and unreal UN-type clichés. These things were the late luxury products or parasitical features of a Western civilization which had been founded and formed and maintained by far other commitments and disciplines, enthusiasms and sacrifices. Not to realize the gravity of the problem thus opened up seemed to me to be intellectually dishonourable and morally irresponsible. The shapeless cannot give shape, nor the formless form, nor the unbelieving belief, nor the disordered order, nor the meaningless meaning, nor the irresolute resolution.

There are some troubled words written by Elspeth Huxley in 1948, in regard to Africa, that have not lost their force:

> We have ignored the heart, indeed our outlook seems to grow ever more materialistic, and the modern thesis to be that literacy, hygiene and acquaintance with trade unions and co-operatives will of themselves transform Africans, newly freed from ignorance and superstition, into good citizens of a progressive state. . . . We who kill the slave-raid, the juju, the leopard cult, the human sacrifice and even, so often, the dance of the warriors, seem only to have the school band and the information room, the latrine-drive and the tax exemption form to offer in return. Ours seems at times a drab and half-apologetic empire that we only half-believe in ourselves. Life today in the villages lacks colour and drama, the people are in danger of starvation of the soul.[5]

Very often I have been invaded by a feeling of the *sterility* of our contact with New Guinea. So much courage and admirable work shown in the pacification of the country, so much good work put into basic administration, so much effort expended on social and economic improvement, and yet nothing seems to take deep root, and nothing flowers.

And then sometimes I wonder whether the explanation is not really much simpler than I had thought. The great enterprise of European colonialism, which now turns out to have been fairly short-lived for most of the world, bred rejection in the hearts of its subjects, in spite of so much of incomparable value that it brought. Why? Perhaps the simple answer is: the white woman. While European men went out to Asia and Africa and the Pacific without wife and family, they entered into a different sort of relationship, socially and sexually, with the people. When the white wife came out all was inevitably different. It is not the woman's fault if her urge to create and defend a home, and bring up children by the standards of her own community, made her wish to draw a circle of exclusion round her

[5] *African Dilemmas*, London, Longmans, 1948, pp. 20-21.

domain. People indulge in a lot of shoddy moral indignation about the 'settler mentality'. Let them face in practice the decisions involved, and then talk. (One is reminded of university teachers in New York, who keep their children away from the Negro- and Puerto-Rican-filled public schools, sending them to private schools, and who then lecture and write articles on the need for forcible immediate integration in the South.) No, the white woman is perhaps the real ruin of empires. If New Guinea had become a mulatto society it would be a slatternly, but more colourful and easy-going society, with the minor vices of concubinage and sloth, rather than the major respectable vices of cold-heartedness and hypocrisy.

Anyway, the course is set now. The seeds have been sown and the reaping is not far hence. I have not wanted in these rather personal notations to say very much about the political problem as it now confronts us. Ten years ago I was of the view that we should make the effort to bind New Guinea permanently to Australia, so that the people would advance to self-government under the same constitutional roof as ourselves. The drift of events, and the arguments advanced by John Kerr, have convinced me that the only practical policy is to encourage the New Guinea people to set up political house on their own—preferably, as Kerr has suggested, as a general Melanesian Federation or Union.

The big question now is the correct estimate of the tempo at which political events will move, and what should be done in view of that tempo. There has been talk of us needing thirty years to create the conditions for self-government. This, I fear, is foolish talk both ways. Thirty years would not be nearly enough for genuine preparation in a non-lunatic world. On the other hand, in the actual, lunatic, world we have not got thirty years. This means we have got to think and act, deeply, quickly, and coherently. New Guinea is still a test of our quality as a people.

There the great island lies with its archaic bird-reptile shape. The smoking mountains speak low thunder, the earth shakes lightly, the sun glares down on the impenetrable dark-green mantle of forest with its baroque folds, the cloud-shadows pass over the green, a white cockatoo rises off the tree-tops like a torn scrap of paper, like an unread message. . . .

James McAuley

ARS CRITICA

John Thompson

In *Southerly* No. 2, 1959, the author published the following lines:

Don't bite the book-reviewers. Let them live.
Stung by their own keen venom, they succumb.
Their nerves are wondrous fine and sensitive.
Only the literary nerve is numb.

Soon afterwards, the author received the following retort from a well-known scholar and critic:

Our friend, Daniel, is a poetaster
For whom the worst possible disaster
Is to be criticized.
Let's assure him of a fair welcome then
When he comes, brave fellow, into our den;
He shall be lionized.

Peter, I praise you for your subtle scoff.
The critics, if they can, will laugh it off.
Our friends, more searching, will rejoice to see
You've aped the critics' foibles to a T.
The primal tactic of their devious game
Is to misunderstand an author's aim,
Hence you insinuate that I intended
That faulty bards be honoured and commended.
Untrue! You know that what concerns me most
Is that no good one be a pissing-post
For bumptious journalist or priggish don
To void his envy's jaundiced juices on.
How clever-clumsily you simulate
The levity that hides a critic's hate!
How misuse 'criticized' as though it meant
'Damned', not 'appraised'! And how, with sly intent,
Affect such improficiency, dear Peter,
In accent, punctuation, style and metre,
That all our friends must revel in your wit,
Crying 'Thus, thus some critic must have writ!'
Illusionist, I emphasize your skill,
Lest vulgar hasty readers, nurtured ill,
Untaught by Universities, be led
To think that what you said was what you said.

Myself have seldom felt the critic's claw
Rip up my dignity and skin me raw:
Me the foul flow has sprinkled, never soaked:
I personally have seldom been provoked
By those, the chief discouragers in life's feast,
Who snuff through every book to find the least
Neglect of detail or neglect of rule
Suggesting that some author is a fool.
My friends, however, and my peers have borne
The heavier honours of the knocker's scorn.
I've seen FitzGerald vilified, I've watched
Ronan ignored, White ravaged, Mudie scotched,
By clowns who thrive on better men's resources
In this fair land of undirected forces,
This land of 'Never Mind' and 'That'll Do',
Which still prefers the plausible to the true.
Rightly the knocker, confident of his fee,
Cries 'I'm the King of the Castle!' As for me,
I'll do my utmost, here and everywhere,
To teach him manners or to teach him fear.

First, Peter, let's exempt from this tirade
The rare reviewer, treacherous to the trade,
Quick to see virtue, tardy to upbraid,
Who warmly hails the best in verse or prose
And says no more than what he really knows.
The rest, the gelders and the shrinkers, bent
On gaining by-lines of aggrandizement,
The true-to-type reviewers, gross and slick,
Pond'rously saucy, wantonly choleric—
These let us hunt, relentlessly yet gaily,
Through Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly and Daily;
These let us hunt, like fleas or rats or rabbits,
Until they change their jobs or change their habits.
Trust me, they know precisely what they're at,
Which is to feed on others and grow fat,
Safe in the code that to be bright and smart
Fetches steadier pay than honest art.
Peter, they'd not be safe if people read
More of the living words of the great dead,
And understood what precedents were wrought
When Dryden judged or Dr Johnson taught,
When fiery Hazlitt generously enthused,

When Arnold moralized or Coleridge mused;
Not safe, if every reader would but note
What Pope and Sheridan and Byron wrote
Of how, where rudeness thrives and censure sells,
Ass after ass into assassin swells.

No writer yet, bad, medium, or good,
Benefited by being misunderstood:
None that I've heard of, simpleton or seer,
Ever gained from a criticaster's sneer:
None was, or will be, helped or disciplined
By boors and bullies filled with angry wind.
Think how an author strives to reconcile
Matter with Form, and both of these with Style:
To sense the tension in a rosebud furled,
And taste the anguish of the total world:
To thrash the misty thickets of a dream
And startle into flight a fugitive theme
Glimpsed by the cunning corner of his eye
But unidentified as it darted by.
He, only he, profoundly feels and shares
Creative hopes and waverings and despairs,
Endures the flux of wasteful waiting nights
And days of dumbness and of failed insights,
Suffering, at the last and at the best,
Self-criticism, tearing at his breast.
Outsider, then, if criticize he must,
Should learn what merit lies in self-mistrust.
Still more should author, bending to assay
A comrade's or a rival's writing, weigh
And sift with diffident and cautious heed,
Lest he be called a cannibal indeed.
Gillies and acolytes and sutlers keep
A hindward role. Beware, then, you who leap
Shamelessly forth, the self-appointed guides
Of every ship of Impudence that rides
On waves of Ignorance, through seas of ink,
To run down Truth and Beauty till they sink.

Peter, your feline farcical riposte
Will please for aeons and will not be lost.
Your crafty verses so exemplify

A constant mischief that they shall not die.
Only one quibble would I wish to lodge:
Why, why so little of this wily stodge?
Write more! Expand your message and reveal
Everything that the Austral critics feel!
The hour is ripe to give them thwack for thwack
Who squeal like pigs when someone hits them back.
Forward, my ardent friend! Press on with your attack!

SISYPHUS

R.A.Simpson

I'm told the myth is done,
You do not push a stone
In hell and watch it roll
Right down the slope again,
For even hell has gone.

But those who made you tend
That stone on ceaseless ground
Said more than just a myth.
They knew your plight would mean
All tasks that have no end.

I see you as an image
That neatly fits an age
Of tragedy and power—
The damned who push their loads,
But with a kind of courage

Because they do not know
They are possessed: they go
Nowhere up their mountains—
Yet some awake, and these
Men live the grief you show.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be . . ."

Such was the advice of Polonius who, in happier circumstances, might have been Hamlet's father-in-law. But no one with the slightest understanding of modern economics would expect this maxim to be heeded to-day.

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JUDITH WRIGHT'S VISION

Charles Higham

I

NO POET in Australia has a greater reputation inside and outside the literary world than Judith Wright, and her name is respected in overseas countries where many of her *confrères* are unknown. A contemporary of John Manifold, David Campbell, Douglas Stewart and Michael Thwaites, she is better known than any of these, and where they have been neglected in detailed critical works, she has been subjected to close analysis. For the well-informed reader in England, she may well be the *only* Australian woman poet, and Rosemary Dobson and Nan McDonald, among others, have had to exist in the shadow of her fame. At her mountain home in Tamborine, South Queensland, isolated from the trivial literary cliques, she has tended to be admired even by the most pugnacious rivals in the game of literary politics. The appeal of her work is rich, immediate, and wide, her vision easily shared, her thinking full of intensely human conflict and tension, and her love of the land and its fruits, of the particular virtues of the Australian landscape, endearing to a sympathetic non-specialized audience.

For these reasons, there has been a tendency to place Judith Wright prematurely on the pinnacle of Parnassus; the word 'great' has been muttered and the echo of the early, uncritical paeans dedicated to her poems is still strongly heard. Both R.F.Brissenden and Vincent Buckley have striven to examine her with a more detached eye, but I imagine that for most people the appraisal of H.M.Green is more familiar. Writing before she had achieved her best work, he described her as 'among the principal poets writing in English today'; and T.Inglis Moore has also written of Judith Wright as 'one of the finest among contemporary poets writing in English', and of her first book, *The Moving Image* (1946), as 'the most important event of (that year)'. For Douglas Stewart, John Thompson and a few others she is probably the contemporary for whom they have the warmest personal regard, a regard which has tended to make them hail her each successive poem, good, bad or indifferent, with equal enthusiasm.

Approaching Judith Wright's poetry for the first time (as I

did in 1955), one must therefore realize that around it has sprung up a powerful wall of critical adulation. It would be tempting merely to echo the laudations, giving samples in the traditional manner of the many felicities of her verbal music (the fifth stanza of 'Bullocky' is an overworked case in point), of her evocations of the superficial qualities of landscape, or (though this would be a harder case to support) the rich quality of her poetic imagery. Conversely, one might be aggravated by so much fulsome praise into being petulantly iconoclastic at the poet's expense. Both temptations should be quelled, for in fact an understanding of the true merit of Judith Wright can only spring from sweeping aside preconceptions about the quality of what she has done and looking at its content with a fresh and naked eye.

The simple facts of her background and upbringing are of importance, because they tend to illuminate the cause of so many of her predilections. She is a product of a pastoral environment, and her family whose history she recorded in *The Generations of Men*, has its roots deep in the Australian soil. Born at her grandfather's home in Armidale, New England, and brought up at a station near the edge of the New England tableland, she vividly remembers sheep and cattle herding and the scouring sunlight in periods of drought, the terrors of erosion and flood. She was educated at an austere, Low C. of E. girls' school, and the severity of life there is often reflected in her verse. During the war years, she went to work on the land while her brothers joined the army and travelled overseas. Deeply conscious of her position as an Australian countrywoman, she wrote on her first official literary grant (1949) the opening portion of the story of her ancestors I have referred to, and later she discovered another aspect of the land she loves so well by moving after her marriage from Armidale to North Tamborine, with its rich red soil, its green jungle, and its sweeping views of the Pacific Ocean and the McPherson Ranges.

Today, Judith Wright's interests lie for the most part outside of contemporary literature, and she has never, to my knowledge, published any critical writing of lasting quality about modern Australian poetry. Her evident failure (presuming that the desire is there) to keep abreast of developments in her own field is reflected in her recent *Current Affairs Bulletin*, in her introductions to her own rather eccentrically edited selections of verse, and in an occasional lecture. She has not, I suspect, the sort of mind which can analyse detachedly, and one might say that the strength of her 'creative writing'—its passion and

vigour—is sometimes limited by the inability to stand outside her own poems and see where they spill over from rewarding statement into emotional outburst. As may be seen from her studies of William Baylebridge (who has deeply influenced her) Judith Wright is more ready to praise blindly where the poet has excited her than to probe into the heart of his inspiration or discuss the merits and failings of his language. It is, I think, doubtful whether all her passionate support of Baylebridge has made any respectable Australian critic think more highly of that poet than he did hitherto.

Novels (she regards Tom Collins as 'the father of all good men'), history pastoral and urban, physics, social sciences, and psychology are Judith Wright's main interests, and her poetry draws little nourishment from *poetic* sources. Apart from Baylebridge's stylistic influence, and the fact that she is (perhaps unwittingly) akin to such writers as Edward Carpenter, Whitman, Hudson and Jefferies—her work is sustained mainly by her fiercely individual thinking; not the thinking of a *literary* person, but of one who has a close and loving relationship with the earth, the air, the trees. Like Roland Robinson, she achieves her own wisdom, her own integrity, not from scholarliness or long study, but from following the lore of the phenomenal world. When she discusses the noumenal, or writes of it in her verse, she tends to flounder. The best of her work is that which is directly hinged to the concrete, physical entities she understands: when she writes of the seasons, too, or of the experience of being a wife and mother, or of the thrusting into the earth of the roots, the rising and tossing of the proud trees and flowers. No W.H.Davies, full of dewy birdsong, she fully understands the dynamics of nature, its destructive and constructive powers, and she has flung herself and her talent into an exploration of these powers with a competence unmatched, I think, in her time.

II

The poems in *The Moving Image* come out boldly with a series of propositions. Here, writing with striking clarity and force, is a young poet (Judith Wright was 31 at the time) making us aware of her attitude to life. There is no hesitancy or uncertainty about these early poems: they are bold, vibrant, impressive, written in a sudden blaze of invention. The book's very flyleaf quotation—'Time is a moving image of eternity'—from Plato's *Timaeus*—indicates that we are to be faced with a poet absolutely

assured of her own powers, unafraid to quote from the most noble source to indicate the extent of her ambition.

The title poem (it is the first in the book) is close in feeling to several of Baylebridge's meditations, and in particular to the 'Sextains' she significantly chose to reprint in her *Oxford Book of Australian Verse*:

> *Too beautiful the earth is! Weep I must*
> *To sense its sureness, and the transience planned*
> *For those I love and me. . . .*

and her 'Life's Testament' seems very much akin to Baylebridge's in its romantic sadness, its fondness for the earth's splendours and certainty that one will have to leave them in the end. Nature, which so rinses and delights the troubled heart, will in the end crush its own beholder with the inexorable Law. So Judith Wright, more movingly than her predecessor, reminds us.

The poem, 'The Moving Image' begins with the poet contemplating a clock in her family home, a clock which 'walked quietly/through those enormous years I half recall'. Time, she reflects, seemed to stretch immensely, limitlessly, across her vision. The feeling we have as children that a day lasts an eternity is movingly remembered in the poem. Then, the world was a series of brief impressions of grass and trees, or 'a new song to sing'. Now (and how quickly her readers will respond to the statement!) day by day time is increasing its pace for us, and 'only the sound of the clock is still the same'. Mortality weighs on the poet's mind, and it seems there can be no escape, for:

> *We are caught in the endless circle of time and star*
> *That never chimes with the blood; we weary, grow lame,*
> *Stumbling after that incessant pace—*

Yet this unhappy thought does not lead Judith Wright, as it would have Slessor, into a drab, pathetic fatalism. She even chides the heart for its nostalgia for the world of childhood, saying firmly 'And yet the lovelier distance is ahead', and triumphantly asserting the power of free will:

> *I would go further with you, clock and star,*
> *though the earth break under my feet and storm*
> *snatch at my breath and night ride over me.*
> *I am the maker. . . .*

And this magnificently courageous statement in the teeth of her fear is followed by the declaration of faith, 'All that is real is to live, to desire, to be', leaving us in no doubt of the poet's stoicism, of her iron determination to live on, clinging to the immediate things, amid the void.

The second and third parts of the meditation reiterate the theme of the first (and this habit of mulling over the same philosophical point in successive poems, this rethinking, will be seen as typical of Judith Wright's work). Once more we are made aware of time's power to destroy: and now instead of the central image of the clock, we have that of dust—a familiar but still powerful symbol of death. Across an airfield that apparently was once a meadow well-loved in the poet's childhood, the dust blows grimly, sweeping away the tender memories. Wandering there, she sees the place as a kind of cemetery of youthful dreams, and imagines herself gazing down at it, and the world about it, from one of the planes stationed there. Seen from above, the globe is:

. . . evil and small
like a dried head from the islands with a grin of shell,

and a landscape denuded of life is shown to us, stark and stripped as a skull.

The word 'nothing' is repeated twice, like a muffled knell, and Judith Wright thinks of the crazed Tom O'Bedlam, an image of the futile end-result of human strife, the mad, pitiful human climax of centuries of struggle. Hard on the tormented visions of futility come these despairing words:

over the airfield looms the idol of night.
In its shadow the earth is spun by a stellar wind
in an eddy of spiralled stars. We are dwarfed by the dark.
We inherit a handful of dust and a fragment of stone.

Yet once again the poet wins through, and the image of the corn rising at the end of the winter once more restores her faith in the world.

The third and final portion of the poem confirms once again this hard-won hope for mankind.

And what is this hope, what, for Judith Wright, causes an end to the terror of darkness? Notably, the belief that though everything must physically die, the shoots still press through the earth as men come and go. There is not a hint here anywhere that man may have a soul, and Judith Wright's Christian upbringing has apparently had no effect on her when plunging into the crucible of poetic creation. Only in the simple fact of the season's round can she, like so many lyric poets before her, find courage and sustenance where time rushes blindly ahead.

So, in other poems in *The Moving Image*, she discovers hope in the river's current when:

grown old and weary,
stagnant among the mangroves,
you hope no longer—there on a sudden
with a shock like joy, beats up
the cold clean pulse of the tide.

and in the embrace of a lover:

Grope in the night to find me and embrace,
for the dark prelude of the drums begin,
and round us, round the company of lovers,
Death draws his cordons in.

For her, passion is a question of taking 'hands together in the night' for 'the lost company' will be lonely in the grave. Love, in fact, whether sacred or profane, is one of the few things that can temporarily give life a meaning, but even this must be extinguished in death.

The feeling that time ruins is reflected even in the poem 'Bullocky' where the bells from the past ring back with 'a sweet, *uneasy* sound' and it is a feeling that gives the taut stanzas their curiously pathetic ring. In the elegy 'To A.H., New Year, 1943', a feeling of anger at humanity's destructiveness is followed by a grim reflection on the death-dealing juggernaut of war. Yet again, in this poem, we are assured that the new year with its time of sowing provides recompense, and Judith Wright forces herself through grief to believe that 'for spring's resurrection/some sacrifice was always necessary'. Somehow, in this poem at least, the consolation found in the year's turning and the wisdom of nature seems grimly willed rather than genuinely felt.

All through *The Moving Image* there are moments of pessimism, of anguish:

. . . the spider
Time binds us helpless till his sting go in,
moving in a dazed routine, we hardly wonder
what now ahead waits with a basilisk grin.

and, in the characteristically entitled 'Dust':

. . . the sun grows small
and when we turn to each other, our eyes are dust. . . .

But again and again a hard, sometimes successful, effort is made to make sense, within a given poem, of the mess Judith Wright feels us to be in. The struggle for reason against the forces of darkness is a common one in the poetry of disorientation, but only rarely has it been so movingly conveyed to the reader. This is, of course, a woman's poetry—down-to-earth for all its momentary excursions into abstract thought, sensuous, uninhibited

in its direct expression of personal feeling, sensitive and tender and *hurt*—and few other women have had the eloquence or the honesty to write in this way. Closing this first book, we feel that the irresolution, the rather arbitrary solving of tormenting problems by reference to natural phenomena, the overpowering grief and pain, are reflected in the very verse itself and sometimes burst apart the poetic *structure*. Judith Wright was in 1946 still feeling her way, trying to wrest from language more than it can yield, sometimes so wracking and twisting her long stanzas that they are only saved from foundering by sheer determination and innate professionalism.

III

Woman to Man, published three years later, shows an extraordinary step forward. Here she has reached maturity both as a woman and a poet, and the birth of her daughter seems at last to have given her a more fundamental, less desperately sought-for faith in life. Love is the theme of these new poems, a love which does not merely (as in 'The Company of Lovers') stave off death and the night, but makes one forget those things altogether. Instead of the contorted molten metal of the early work, blasted apart by the force of the poet's grief, we have packed, integrated poems, forged white hot from the conflict of *The Moving Image*. And in the first handful of poems in the new book—those concerned with her rediscovery of herself in the experience of being a mother—Judith Wright reached the highest point of her achievement.

The early image of 'the time of sowing' is mirrored in the new and more powerful one of the child coming from darkness and chaos to 'Passion and the day'. Her own role is seen in its primeval light:

I am the earth, I am the root,
I am the stem that fed the fruit.

And in the beautiful 'Conch Shell', one of her purest and most glistening lyrics, she seems to be looking back on her virgin self, like an empty and tortuous labyrinth. Now:

All things I focus in
the crystal of my sense.
I give them breath and life,

and, like Ceres, she seems to herself to bring, in her role of mother, genuine hope to mankind. Then, looking at her child, she speaks with its voice, yearning to become identified with nature. Poem after poem burns with this extraordinary longing, most exquisitely expressed in 'Child and Wattle-Tree':

Lock your branches round me, tree;
let the harsh wooden scales of bark enclose me.
Take me into your life and smother me with bloom
till my feet are cool in the earth
and my hair is long in the wind. . . .

The contrasting poems in the book, whether they speak of forlorn and forsaken sisters on a verandah, watching the years go by, or of the ewe which 'cries in the pitiless rain/the mortal cry of anguished love' only serve to throw into relief the burning clarity of these more hopeful verses.

Woman To Man remains Judith Wright's finest collection. Since 1949, she has seemed to me to be marking time, repeating everything she said in her first two books with a slow but decided slackening of concentration. There is, in *The Gateway*, at least one remarkable poem, 'Fire at Murdering Hut', in which she speaks with the voices of a long-dug grave, a bushfire and a stone, and what in the hands of a de la Mare might have seemed a trivial conceit seems in hers a completely acceptable poetic device. 'Fire at Murdering Hut' (very much akin, by the way, to several poems of Nan McDonald's), has a disturbing evocation of destruction and decay unparalleled in her work, and in 'The Cedars', a kind of rethinking of 'Child and Wattle-Tree', she is also at her best. The image predominating in *The Gateway* is that of the burning and refining power of nature, and the symbols of cutting and cleaning with which Judith Wright has grown increasingly preoccupied give a fitful illumination to even the worst poems in the collection.

Here, too, are evocations of dead bracken, driftwood, crags, scorched and barren earth, that often make their impact. But the actual language is often dull and flabby, devoid of muscle tone. In the metric, too, there are infelicities:

these hills my father stripped,
and beggars to the winter wind
they crouch like shoulders naked and whipped. . . .

The Two Fires (1955) I find a sadly disappointing book. There is no loss of poetic *feeling*, no sudden plunge into amateurish muddle. But the sense of strain, of forcing poems into existence, is unmistakable. The familiar symbols—the knife, the scourging fire, the roots that plunge and draw nourishment from the earth—only echo dimly from earlier, better poems their message to the heart. We have watched, in the first of her books, Judith Wright's struggle from fear and uncertainty into positive faith; now that she has arrived in the light, that her struggle is over, she seems to have little more to say.

In the last three years we have not seen much activity from her—an occasional lecture, some slight poems about animals published in *The Bulletin*, and a notably infrequent appearance in Angus and Robertson's yearly anthologies. Only a very curious poem entitled 'The Lake' (published in *Australian Poetry 1959*) seems to hark back to the mystery and beauty of her youthful lyrics.

Closing the book on Judith Wright for the time being, we are left then, in the middle of her career (she is now forty-five) with a sense of incompleteness. With each successive poem of McAuley's or Hope's, we are given a strong sense of developing strength, of a desire to experiment, to explore more deeply the medium in which they work. With Judith Wright we do not have this feeling. Can it be that, having worked out the troubles which drove her to write, she is, as Vincent Buckley suggested in a recent book, merely going ahead mechanically performing her role as a poet, doing what is expected of her? It is hard to answer this question. Certainly the best of her work was done more than a decade ago, and we can only look back on that with deep interest, pleasure and love, and keep faith that Judith Wright will have more to convey to us of her maturing vision of life.

Charles Higham

A. D. HOPE'S POEMS

We note with pleasure the publication in England by Hamish Hamilton of a collection of A.D.Hope's poems. This includes a large part of *The Wandering Islands*, together with some new poems and a number of earlier poems not included, for various reasons, in the first volume. A study of A.D.Hope's poetry by James McAuley will be published shortly in *Quadrant*.

TWO SONNETS

Cyril Goode

KEPT HOME TO RUN THE HORSE-WORKS

The cunning bevel-cogs passed on the force
to cut the chaff as Sampson dragged the great
cross-beam around. (My father called his horses after Bible men.) I held in state
the central seat . . . my sister 'rode the rail'
and Father roared: 'Don't let the schemer shirk—
just keep him going steady—should he fail
the belt will come off with the sudden jerk!'
At last the sun, red-eyed with dust, pulled out;
the sheaves were through and the revolving pole
came to a halt and chickens scratched about
as Sammie's chains were dropped. He had a roll,
then from the earth-roofed shed came high-pitched laughter as we truant children bagged the chaff.

JARRAH COINS UPTURNED

Some of the first roads in Western Australia were paved with circular wooden blocks.

See the work of inestimable man-
hours spilling from the sovereign-case that held
them safely from the sulky push of van-
dal years, well past the century. Impelled
by dieseline a steel hand gaily throws
the coins about and men with tip-trucks take
them to a bank. One lands on edge and goes
straight for the banksia in a gallant break . . .
I dream of old road-builders driven mad:
the spirit of a cross-cut sawyer might
have urged that one, for here a convict had
hacked down a guard and vanished in the night.
Flinging largesse the bulldozer is thrusting near. I detour to avoid the dust.

CLOAKING THE DAGGER

Angus Maude

IN ENGLAND, some time ago, when my wife was away from home, I had occasion to buy some eggs. They had the word STANDARD neatly printed on them, apparently to denote their size, which was minute. 'Why,' I asked in my simple way, 'not call them small eggs?' 'Oh,' they said, 'if we called them that, no one would buy them.'

This, I think, is called psychology, and on the whole I am against it. It manifests itself nowadays in many different ways. Sometimes it is used to conceal downright dishonesty—for example when you buy a familiar product in something called a 'new handy-sized packet' and find that the weight has been reduced by an ounce while the price has remained the same. Incidentally, the sort of firms that do this are apt to indulge in other kinds of euphemism. For instance, they insist on the need for what they call 'orderly marketing' of their products, which generally turns out to be a gigantic conspiracy for suppressing competition and keeping prices up.

I suppose we all expect to find exaggeration, euphemism, and even a measure of mild deception in advertising and propaganda. Political propaganda, like the advertising of consumer goods, has developed a language of its own. One side, having found, for example, that 'nationalization' has become something of a dirty word, renames it 'socialization', or 'public ownership', in the hope that it will sound better that way. The other side boldly preaches the virtues of 'free enterprise' and competition, though the enterprise is not really very free, and the efforts of whole industries are devoted to the restriction of competition.

Again, there are those who believe that the economy would get along better if the present low rate of unemployment were rather higher. But to advocate unemployment would be political suicide, so they get round it by attacking what they describe as a 'condition of over-full employment'. The solution is to reduce over-full employment to full employment, which sounds respectable and humane, but still involves having twice as many unemployed as there are now.

I remember that during the deflationary slump of the nineteen-thirties no one dared openly to call for a policy of 'inflation', since the word still recalled memories of the disastrous break-

down of the German currency after the first World War. So they talked about the need for something called 'reflation'; I think I used to do it myself. Nowadays, it is considered equally indecent to advocate *deflation*, which suggests the mass unemployment of the inter-war years: this is therefore skilfully avoided by calling it 'disinflation'—a monstrous word which means either deflation or nothing at all. I am quite sure that if we ever have another slump we shall go on calling it a recession, or a downturn, or something equally ridiculous, until long after it is over.

One could go on multiplying examples of political euphemism. For instance, 'keeping a matter under constant and careful review' means doing absolutely damn-all about something rather awkward. You urge your opponents to 'put Country above Party', which generally means asking them to do what *you* want instead of what *they* believe to be right. But you urge your own side to be 'loyal', which means following the Party Line even when your colleagues think the interests of the country ill-served by the policies of their leaders. Your own election promises are a 'massive programme of social reform', although those of your opponents are 'irresponsible attempts to bribe the electorate'. It is astonishing how quickly some politicians get the hang of this double-talk, and how many of them end by believing it themselves.

In general, this political mixture of euphemism and meiosis is pure humbug. To give just one more example, I am getting a little tired of the propaganda use of the term 'the Free World', which in its widest sense embraces a considerable number of unmistakeable military dictatorships, and in its narrowest describes an alliance of which at least two members are governed in an extremely authoritarian way, to put it mildly.

As I said, all this is humbug. Why, then, are the humbuggers allowed to get away with it? I am afraid the answer is disconcertingly simple. There is so much miscellaneous humbug everywhere else that a little more in politics is hardly noticed. It fits quite naturally into the general pattern of behaviour.

I am not referring simply to the bogus respectability and ghastly false gentility that social satirists have attacked for centuries. There is something newer, and—in my opinion—worse. It is the Cult of Cosiness. It is a widespread conspiracy to ignore unpleasantness, to pretend that things are better than they are and that everything will be all right. It is the refusal to face the need for uncongenial effort, for new ideas and hard choices. The easiest way to dodge the issues is to deny

the existence of any unpleasantness that calls for remedy or threatens danger.

This is not primarily due to the smugness and moral superiority that has caused so much hypocrisy in the past. It is due largely to fear. Fear of a hard and doubtful future, in which familiar values will be questioned, familiar landmarks disappear, familiar assumptions cease to correspond to reality. And this fear of the future has another result beside the tendency to ignore or belittle unpleasantness. It produces an increasing desire to look backward rather than forward, to live in the past and magnify its splendours. This is faithfully pandered to by British writers and film makers. But the politicians are well to the fore, building the Empire, winning wars, or introducing free elementary education and old age pensions, as if they had happened only yesterday. The heirs of Disraeli, Gladstone and Keir Hardie have more to say about their heroes' past achievements than about their own proposals for the future.

Is this healthy? I very much doubt it. Perhaps you feel it does no harm, but I am not so sure. It is all part of the same frame of mind that produces so much of the backward-looking pep-talk propaganda that we all know so well. Whenever we have an economic crisis or meet with a diplomatic reverse, whenever the Russians send up a satellite or the British have to cadge some rockets from the Americans, someone can be relied on to trot out the old story about how Britain invented radar, and jet propulsion, and penicillin and all the other wonders of the age. Just as once upon a time we invented the piston steam engine, the spinning jenny and a host of other useful gadgets. Once upon a time.

But times have changed, and not everyone has changed with them. Meanwhile, if things look bad, or bleak, or ugly, we don't think too much about them. If we have to mention them, we call them by different names, so that they won't sound so discouraging. If we call preparations for war a defence programme, and a socking great hydrogen bomb a thermo-nuclear deterrent, it's easier to view them with a certain amount of detachment. If we call economy cuts a rephasing of the investment programme, they appear less likely to hurt us. If we describe a wave of crime by young thugs as an increase in juvenile delinquency, it not only muffles the thought of real people actually being coshed, but puts the whole thing into the abstract realm of sociology, where it can be dealt with by psychiatrists and social workers; then parents can relax by the fireside without worrying about what their sons are up to.

We can get rid of *sin* with equal ease, and everyone agrees that this is a good thing to do, for sin went out a long time ago and we must move with the times. Soon, for example, there won't be any 'prostitutes', which is an ugly word and suggests a rather sordid blot on our ideal existence. Get them out of sight and they become Call Girls, which sounds ever so much nicer; glamorous and ambitious young ladies might well consider a really *refined* job in that line, if jobs as models or air hostesses are hard to come by. After all, it's not very different from changing one's husband whenever one finds a richer or more attractive man, and women who do that are much admired in the popular newspapers. It's true that to have six ex-husbands is still thought more respectable than to have six discarded lovers, besides paying just as well, but we are becoming more broad-minded every day.

A whole literature of euphemism could be compiled from the correspondence attending the enforced resignations during the past fifty years of Ministers who had forfeited the confidence of their Premiers. It is, of course, extremely upsetting for the public even to suspect that the management of important Government Departments has for some time been entrusted to incompetent blockheads. So ministerial changes are made to conform to a familiar pattern. The Minister, seething with fury and hurt bewilderment, announces that he has 'long felt that it was time he made way for a younger man', and that it was 'only his sense of public service and his loyalty to his leader' that kept him in harness so long. It will be, he adds, with genuine relief that he gets back to his former job of breeding pigs or defending criminals at the Bar. To this the Prime Minister, who has for months been driven crazy by the stupidity and obstinacy of his departing colleague, replies that he 'accepts this decision with genuine regret' and scarcely knows how the Cabinet will get along without the 'wise counsel and unswerving devotion to duty' which he has come to value so deeply. He then gives him a Peerage.

Incidentally, if you are still in any doubt about this conspiracy of euphemism, consider the nomenclature of a certain important adjunct of civilization, which in the last century has been called successively a privy, a water-closet, a WC, a lavatory and a toilet. There is nothing suggestive or indecent about any one of those words, yet the name can only last as long as we all pretend that it means something else. Already the word 'toilet', degraded to a genteelism, is becoming a bit suspect, so that people mutter it in a shamefaced sort of way, and the

American euphemisms 'rest room' and 'powder room' are beginning to creep in. They won't last any longer than the others. I think it was Gilbert Harding who told a story about a little girl whose pony 'went to the bathroom' outside the front door one day.

It is just as easy for manufacturers to suggest that there is something vaguely indecent about a firm trying to sell its goods cheaper than the rest. We must conform, or cosiness is lost. The firm, we begin to think, does it by exploiting its workers, or using shoddy materials. Of course, lower prices would be nice, but that's something quite different; all that stuff about inflation and the like, which is strictly something for the Government to cope with.

By the same token, the solidarity of labour is more important than any petty individual arguments about the merits of a particular strike. The majority is always right, and it's up to the Government to look after the interests of the country.

Does this seem hopelessly exaggerated? I assure you it's a very widespread attitude of mind. Does it seem remote from my starting point, which was the tendency to call things by more attractive or high-sounding names than their nature warrants? It springs from exactly the same cause. It arises from a conviction, which competitive politicians and pandering newspapers have done their best to implant in people's minds, that things ought to be getting steadily better and better; that it is the business of governments, and of other people referred to vaguely as 'them', to see that they do get better; and that if by any chance they don't get better, it is more comfortable to ignore the failure and pretend it hasn't happened than to recognize the nature of the error. In that way we can exclude the disquieting thought that perhaps the failure is our own, and that in the long run things will get no better than we ourselves are willing to make them by our own efforts.

Angus Maude

CONJUGALITER

Laszlo Balint

C'est la belle heure où les lampes s'allument . . .
E.Verhaeren

C'est la belle heure, when lights shine in the street,
The rooms are warm, the taste in mouths is sweet,
The dishes clean, tables for breakfast laid,
Youngsters study, small children go to bed,
The cat and dog sleep in front of the fire;
It's almost time for grandma to retire.
Her dreams are planned each evening when she sees
Family photos on the mantelpiece.

C'est la belle heure, when hatreds and desires
Play on us as on faulty instruments.
Our bottled feelings from the years before
Have not kept well, they open effervescent. . . .
With words that sting and hurt and haunt:
Like a foul smell unkindness fills the room.

The night's a fairy-tale, a friendly grin,
The moon and stars their happy waltz begin,
The house is dark, the children's dream is sweet
With the noise and joys of toys and things to eat.

The night's a hothouse, the seeds got mingled up,
Reproaches grow where roses were to be
And the vague gardeners failed to notice it. . . .
Incredible how hands were soft to touch
When the bare bosom was but a bare promise.

When love is being simultaneously
And delicately made in a thousand houses,
Dumb murmurs and bushed senses try to reach
Unconquered heights, and then—emotion pauses,
C'est la belle heure, when lights shine in the street
The rooms are warm, the taste in mouths is sweet.

LITTLE LADY

Hugh Atkinson

THEY sat there in the good expensive rooms with the windows and the balcony that looked out on Bombay harbour, on the brilliant, splintering blue of the water and the mast tops of the boats tied up to the stairs alongside the Gateway of India, and he knew he'd been wrong. Finally and wretchedly he knew it was all wrong and that he should never have brought her here. 'Will I put the fan on, Olly?' he asked her. She smiled sweetly, sadly back at him. He thought that she looked young and pretty in the light floral dress she wore. 'I'm perfectly comfortable Jim, really.' The big man wiped his head with a handkerchief, mopping up the perspiration that beaded his scalp under the fine, thinning hair. 'Let's go downstairs and have a drink,' he said, 'Steve will probably be expecting us.'

She was very gentle with him. 'Please Jim, I'd really rather not meet people today. You go down, I'll stay here and rest.'

The big man reached out and put his hand on her knee. 'Look, Olly, you've got to put these things out of your mind,' he said. 'You know how we looked forward to this trip. India's like that. There's nothing anyone can do. I know it isn't easy, I lived here fifteen years, but there's nothing you can do, or I can do, or anyone can do.'

'I know, Jim, it was just the shock and not being used to things. You can't imagine the awful feeling in my foot and up my leg and in my stomach. I can still feel it.' Her eyes filmed a little. The big man got up quickly. He bent a little clumsily and kissed her cheek. 'Come on Olly, forget about it,' he said. 'I'll go down and have a drink and then we'll go to lunch.'

The cold air of the air-conditioned bar hit him the minute he pushed the door open. Before he was halfway across the room he could feel the perspiration drying on his chest and in the creases of his stomach. He wondered vaguely why they'd come in the hot season, anyhow. At the bar a man waved to him from a cocktail stool. 'Put it there,' he said, pointing to the seat next to him. 'How's the little lady?'

'She's still pretty much upset,' the big man said.

He took out a folded paper and handed it to the barman. He ordered a large whisky, burra peg. His companion nodded with his head at the paper.

'There was none of that bloody horsemanure in the old days, Jim,' he said. 'Things have changed since your time, old boy!' He picked up his glass. 'Now a man has to be certified as a bloody alcoholic before he can get a permit to drink a peg. Here's to prohibition.'

'Steve,' the big man said, 'I'm worried about Olly. It's not only last night, it goes farther back.' He looked into his glass. 'You know, she was a virgin when I married her. Thirty-seven years old and a virgin. I don't think she'd kissed a man since teachers' college. Her people were Quakers you know, went out to New Zealand in the early days. She's got this terrible need to have children.' Steve brushed his moustache. 'That's quite normal, old boy,' he said. Jesus, he thought, it's always the same, here it comes, the story of my married life.

The big man looked up. 'I'm not boring you am I?' he said.

'Good Lord, no, get it off your chest,' his friend said.

'It so happens that she can't have children. I think she's getting neurotic.'

His friend looked embarrassed. 'Come now, old chap. Let's not make mountains out of molehills. Here you are in the prime of life, safe in New Zealand while Steve sweats it out in the pest-holes of Hindustan, and you sit around letting your whisky get warm and consigning your little lady to the booby hatch.' He smiled. 'Come on, have another. I've got a business lunch at twelve-thirty.'

The big man was alone in the bar when his friend had left. It was cool and quiet and the Goanese drink-waiter didn't expect him to talk the way the barman did at home. The drink-waiter's job was to pour the sahib's whisky and light the sahib's cigarette and open the door for the sahib. He'd liked India, the man thought. Liked his work here, liked being a sahib. He'd looked forward to this trip. Looked forward to showing Olly the places he'd been. It had never crossed his mind, not once, that the other side of things would get to her like it had. The beggars and the poverty and the misery. Last night had been horrible. Automatically, he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. It had been such a good party. The white dinner jackets and cocktail frocks and the moon pale in a sky filled with stars. The good talk that he'd missed so much. The talk of hunting trips and polo games and the gossip of the clubs. The gay farewells outside with the bearers in red belts and turbans calling the cars up, getting taxis, the men slightly drunk, kissing each other's wives goodnight and laughing and slapping each other's backs. Olly had seemed so happy. And then she

had stepped on to the pavement in the dark and that awful broken scream had gone up. He had seen her face, clearly, in the porch light. It was awful. Her eyes were screwed up and her lips had curled off her teeth and the thing under her was flopping and screaming and she was screaming too, only it was more like a whimper, a long-drawn, sucked-in whimper that made his stomach turn over. He's had to knock her off the body of the boy who'd been sleeping there. The boy had gone off on his hands, dragging the trunk of his body behind him, the useless, withered legs bowed across his stomach, scrabbling along the pavement in the half-light like a spider. And Olly, half running after him, her face set and stricken, her hand out. Then the sitting around while Doc Conway gave her a sedative. And the others coming in, looking at him strangely, asking if there was anything they could do. That awful Mitchell from the oil company, as stiff as teakwood board, slapping his back and saying: 'Never make a Memsahib, eh, old boy?'

The man sighed and got up. He paid his bill and tipped the barman two rupees.

She came running to meet him when he got back to the suite. She took his hands and pulled hin into a chair.

'Jim, Doctor Conway rang. He saw the little boy this morning. He lives near the house. He's quite all right and he gave him five rupees.'

'There,' said the man, smiling his large, gentle smile, 'I told you it would be all right, didn't I?'

She knelt on her knees in front of him, shining and excited. 'Jim,' she said, and paused for the effect, 'Jim, I had a long talk with Doctor Conway. And what do you think?'

The big man shook his head, humouring her, delighted at her change of spirits. 'Jim, I asked him if an operation would be any good. He said he wasn't sure, but that it was quite possible.'

'Olly, Olly, Olly,' the man said.

She put a finger to his lips.

'No, listen,' she said, 'I'm going to the surgery this afternoon. Jim, we've got the money. We can't have children of our own. It would be such a wonderful thing to do.'

'Olly,' the man said, 'there are thousands and thousands like that. Often it's done deliberately when they're babies, so that they can earn money begging. Olly, this is a holiday—'

Tears started in her eyes. 'Please, please, please, please, Jim,' she said, passionately.

The big man sighed. He sat there looking at her and he didn't

know what to do, didn't know what to say. He felt the patience running out of him like sand through a sieve. He felt tired and confused and beaten in some way and cheated in some way.

That afternoon it was the man who took the rattling taxicab along the waterfront of Marine Drive and climbed into the timbered slopes of Malabar Hill and the proud old houses that look down over their compounds to the waters of the Arabian Sea. The Sikh driver laboured and crashed the gears and sang to himself as he pushed the car through the traffic and the sun struck sparks on the silver ornaments of the coolie women along the road, lay in the brilliant reds and yellows of their saris and made the flies drowsy that buzzed around the sticky, honey-coloured sweets, piled up in the trays of the hawkers.

The man felt his heart lift, revived in his spirits by the colour of the streets, like the earth after the first monsoon showers. He leaned back in his seat and turned his face into the sunshine.

He sat in Conway's office and the two of them drank tea. 'She's got her heart so set on it, Doc,' he said. 'I don't know what to do. It's not the money. The old uncle left me pretty well fixed. It's just that she doesn't know the country the way we do. Where would we start? Where would it end?' Conway said: 'Well Jim, if the bunyahs and brahmins had a little more of her spirit it would be a happier place for a lot of people.' He put down his cup. 'I think I'd let her go ahead,' he said, 'let her work it out for herself.'

It was good in the next days. He had never known her quite like this. She was intense and gay and loving in a way she had never been before. Sex had never been a big thing between them after the first two years; they had comradeship to cherish, and understanding and tolerance. But now, in some strange way, it was different between them. For her, she was almost abandoned, and while the man took it, wondering and grateful, he couldn't get used to it, either.

The beggars didn't worry her any more, although she always gave her small change, and they went to the temples and shopped in the bazaars and bought exotic materials and flaming pieces of copper and pâpiermaché plates from Kashmir and barbaric jewellery out of Tibet. Every night she would say: 'Six more days to Tuesday', or 'Five more days to Tuesday', or three, or two.

Tuesday was the day they would all meet at Doctor Conway's house and the boy would be there and his uncle would be there and everything would be explained to them and the uncle would make his mark on the document the man had fixed up with the

authorities and that would be the necessary permission for the treatment that would make a boy out of a pitiable scrap.

She was sleeping peacefully and deeply when the man went to her bed to wake her. 'Guess what day it is?' he said, in an awkward attempt to be elfin. She opened her eyes at him and sprang from the bed. Her face was composed and solemn like a child's. She kissed him in a businesslike way. 'We've got all the papers ready, haven't we?' she asked. He nodded. 'Order breakfast dear, while I change.'

On her way to the bathroom she blew a kiss.

The boy sat in a basket chair. His black hair was combed and shining and the great brown eyes in the golden brown skin seemed huge. He was quite at home, and smiled and chatted with the Doctor in Hindustani. The short white trousers were newly washed and an unaccustomed shirt had been pulled over the pinched little chest. His uncle stood alongside, grubby and servile. His quick eyes took in every detail of the room, every expression on the face of the doctor and the big man and his wife. He called the men, Rajah sahibs, and the woman, Rani Memsahib, and he kept making *namaste* gestures with his hands and bending low. He told them that they were his father and mother and that he kissed their feet and that God would be good to them and that he was a poor man.

After the formalities, Conway and the big man went to another room and took the uncle with them to explain everything to him and get his thumbprint witnessed.

'Now, Gopal,' said the Doctor, in Hindustani, 'the sahib from across the black water is giving many thousand of rupees that your brother's son, Ashok, can be made well and stand up like a man. You must put your mark here on this paper and then I will take the boy to my hospital where you can see him whenever you want.'

The uncle looked around him and wet his lips.

'What will be done with this treasure of rupees, sahib?' he said, nodding his head.

Patiently the doctor explained.

The uncle's eyes were wide now and he held up his head when he talked.

'You mean he will stand up, my brother's son?' he asked.

The doctor nodded.

'He will be able to walk like other men's sons?'

'Yes, Gopal,' the doctor told him.

The man stood straight up and spat on the floor. He made a gesture with his hands as though cutting something in half. A

torrent of Hindustani fell from his lips. The doctor went white. 'What is it? What's he saying?' the big man asked. 'What is it? I can't follow him.'

Now, both the doctor and his secretary were talking, both at once. Gopal, the uncle, stood straight up, his eyes winking and bloodshot and screamed at them. He pushed past the witness and went to the door. At the door he stopped and with a return to his earlier manner, said a last few words.

'For God's sake, Doc,' said the big man. 'What's the matter?'

Conway pressed a cigarette into a holder, his hands slightly shaking. 'He said, my friend, that that crippled boy there is the sole support of himself and family. He said that some days he makes two rupees. He remarked further that the priest and the police and the one hundred thousand Hindu gods would curse you and yours forever, if you touch a hair of his nephew's head.' The doctor put a match to his cigarette. 'On his way out, however, he said that he would sell him to you.'

The big man sank back in his chair. 'Good God,' he said. 'What am I going to tell the little lady?'

Conway sat there and he looked old and tired.

'Frankly, old boy,' he said, 'I've got no idea.'

Hugh Atkinson

AUSTRALIAN WRITERS SERIES

Under the general editorship of GEOFFREY DUTTON a series of monographs on Australian writers is being produced by Landsdowne Press. The first two titles published are GEOFFREY DUTTON's *Patrick White* and JOHN HETHERINGTON's *Norman Lindsay*.

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VIOLENCE AND DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN

I.I.Morris

ON 13 October, 1960, newspaper readers all over the world were shocked to see the photograph of a slim young man in a black student uniform about to plunge a foot-long sword into the corpulent body of Inerjiro Asanuma, leader of the Japanese Socialist party. This was not an isolated incident. Less than three months earlier Nobusuke Kishi had been stabbed in the thigh by an elderly fanatic wielding a Japanese Navy knife. Asanuma died almost immediately from his wounds, Kishi's assailant was less vigorous, and the former Prime Minister is now in good health.

Anyone familiar with prewar politics in Japan is bound to be reminded of the series of killings and attempted killings that made the nineteen-thirties a period of 'government by assassination'. Then, as now, the assassins were men of the extreme Right and their victims were the country's political leaders, whom they regarded as unpatriotic and self-seeking. Even the suicide of Asanuma's assassin had a strongly traditional flavour, and his final note (scrawled with a tube of toothpaste on the wall of his prison cell) belongs to an emotional world that many observers thought had disappeared: 'To serve one's country for seven lives. Banzai to the Emperor!'

Recent violence in Japan, however, certainly has not been confined to the traditionalistic Right wing. The stabbing of Kishi followed directly on the recent Left-wing demonstrations against revision of the US-Japanese Security Treaty. Then vast mobs of students and workers, often armed with ropes, stones and nail-studded poles, marched through the streets of Tokyo, fought the police, attacked the car carrying the American Ambassador and President Eisenhower's representative, broke into the Prime Minister's residence, forcibly prevented the Diet from holding proper sessions for seven weeks and in various other violent ways tried to impose their will on the Government. And a few months before these rampages, thousands of student demonstrators had burst into the precincts of the Diet and shown their attitude toward Parliament by indulging in mass urination against the stately white walls of the building.

Many conclusions may be drawn from this unhappy series of events. Clearly emotionalism still plays a great part in Japanese political life and violence is never far beneath the surface.

It is clear, too that in Japan, as elsewhere, one of the characteristics shared by the two extremes is their readiness to resort to violence. A further ineluctable conclusion from any study of recent events is that democracy has not taken root in Japan nearly to the extent that many observers, both there and in the West, have been suggesting. When one of the two main political parties in a country and an important segment of its intellectual leaders, supported in many cases by the press, openly encourage violence in order to oppose the policies of a freely elected majority in Parliament, we are justified in concluding that democracy is either insufficiently understood or insufficiently respected, or both.

There are certain instances in which the type of violence that we have seen in Tokyo is justified. When a government (like those in Turkey or South Korea) abuses the power of the police and deprives its citizens of legitimate, peaceful means of expressing their opposition, violence may be the only solution. Such a situation does not exist in Japan. Having been repeatedly and overwhelmingly defeated at the polls, the Socialist party (or at least an important part of it) decided to co-operate with the Communists and with extreme Left-wing labour and student groups in resorting to violence to prevent ratification of a treaty to which they were opposed.

Once violence has been let out of the bottle it is hard to put it back, especially in a country with Japan's traditions. The Left-wing resort to force was the direct impulse for the murderous attacks by Right-wing extremists. In a broadcast on the British Broadcasting Corporation three months before Asanuma's assassination, I said that the Socialists had sown a wind of violence and I ventured to predict that they might be the first to reap the whirlwind. Asanuma, with his insistence that the United States was the 'common enemy' of Japan and China, his encouragement of the student rioters who broke into the grounds of the Diet building and his constant calls for 'struggles', was probably responsible more than any other single person for the breakdown of law and order in Japan last spring and summer; his fatal stabbing is a sombre reminder of where violence, once unleashed, can lead.

The extreme Right in Japan is by no means a dead force. In organizations and membership it is at least as strong as before the war. Its weakness lies in the fact that it has been existing in an ideological and material vacuum. By espousing violence and disruption, by undermining popular respect for the parliamentary institution and the democratic system, the Socialists

may be giving the Rightist groups exactly what they have been looking for during the past ten years.

Many Japanese, especially those intellectuals who enjoy the description of 'progressive' (*shimpoteki*), would argue that violence was initiated not by the Socialists but by Kishi and the conservatives who wielded their 'tyranny of the majority' in the Diet to oppose the real will of the country. According to this argument, the Socialists, who alone represent the 'people's majority', were simply meeting force with force. To kidnap the Speaker of the Diet was justified violence since he was brandishing the tyranny of a Parliamentary majority in defiance of the 'people's majority'; to call in the police to restore order, however, must be condemned as unjustified violence, since it meant opposing the representatives of the 'people's majority'.

If this analysis is correct, we are confronted with a unique phenomenon. In one election after another approximately two-thirds of the population votes in favour of a party which in the outstanding issues of foreign policy has consistently advocated and carried out policies opposed by the majority of the people. If one is prepared to believe this, one can believe anything. As to the respect which the Socialists themselves would accord the opposition should they ever come into power, we have the assurance of their leading theoretician, Professor Itsuro Sakisaka, that once the Socialist party assumes the reins of government and starts to build a socialist state in Japan it will not allow its work to be undone by the 'seesaw process' of politics such as occurs in England and other Western democracies. Clearly, a majority becomes a 'tyranny' only when it is commanded by one's political opponents.

It is not my aim to whitewash Kishi or to extol him as a champion of Western-style democracy. Indeed, I am quite willing to accept the suggestion that he and many other conservative leaders in Japan would be prepared to jettison the democratic system if that were the only way in which the Socialists or Communists could be prevented from assuming power. The fact remains that until now this has *not* been the only way, and that violence, insofar as the term has any concrete meaning, was brought into Japanese politics during the past year by the Socialists and their allies, not by the conservatives.

From all this, the conclusion inescapably emerges that in Japan democracy is still widely regarded as a foreign import, that it is inadequately understood and respected by the very people who should be its most stalwart defenders and that its continuance is precarious. Recent events have combined to

lower respect for parliamentary democracy. Economic conditions in Japan are on the whole favourable and this has been a strong preservative factor, which as much as anything else prevented the recent demonstrations from developing into a revolutionary movement. In the case of a major economic crisis, however, accompanied by large-scale unemployment, falling standards of living and widespread anxiety and bitterness, there is a very real danger that the precarious structure could break down and be followed by an authoritarian regime of the Left or (more likely in my opinion) of the Right, with appalling consequences for the West. I see little justification for the type of rosy optimism expressed, for example, in a study by a group of American scholars were we read: '. . . under a conservative or a Socialist leadership, Japan will doubtless work out its own special form of representative institutions, a development which bodes well for the future of democracy in Japan and for its future co-operation with other free nations'.[1]

Effective support for democratic principles and institutions in Japan is not forthcoming from many of the principal sources where we should expect to find it. Several of Japan's leading non-Communist intellectuals have given their vocal support to the use of 'direct action'; some of them have even criticized the Communist party for not taking stronger action at the time of the demonstrations. The trade union movement, which in so many countries acts as a responsible stabilizing force, was one of the main elements participating in the recent resort to violence. The press, with its constant references to 'tyranny of the majority', its unanimously vitriolic attacks on the freely elected Government and its failure to condemn the use of violence until 17 June (when things really looked as if they were getting out of hand), also bears a very definite responsibility for the unfortunate events of last summer. In these circumstances, as he says, it is difficult to count on a wide body of fair and responsible public opinion in Japan. There is a strong tendency toward apathy on one hand and extremism on the other.

Nothing could be more important for the future of Japanese democracy than the creation of a strong and responsible opposition, the present 'one-and-a-half-party' system is utterly unsatisfactory. It seems very doubtful, however, that the Socialist party, as it is presently constituted, is qualified for the role. The great task to which the Socialist party should have devoted itself during the past years was to build up support in the rural and provincial districts, which remain overwhelmingly conser-

[1] *Japan between East and West*, New York, 1957.

vative and where political apathy and immaturity are still widespread. Instead it has concentrated on class struggles and has continued to derive almost all its support from urban labour, youth and intellectuals. Furthermore, by associating itself with disruption and violence, it has alienated those very elements of the population whose backing is essential if it is ever to come to power by legal, democratic means.

Just as most observers have, in my opinion, tended to take an unjustifiably sanguine view about the strength of democracy in post-war Japan, they have also been inclined to overrate the strength of the ties that bind Japan to the West. The following statement by an American expert in the study cited above is typical: 'The Japanese people will contribute unsparingly to the common defense of our two nations when they come to believe that they are moving, together with the American people, towards a commonly perceived destiny.'

The demonstrations and riots were bound to come as something of a shock to those who imagined that Japan was securely and enthusiastically linked to the West. Even this setback. however, was often explained away as being the work of a handful of Communists and professional anti-American agitators. To interpret the events in this fashion is both to overestimate the influence of Communism in Japan and to underestimate the force of neutralism. It is quite clear now that both Kishi himself, and the American Ambassador and his advisors, did underestimate the strength of neutralist sentiment and the ability of the Left to exploit it. The fiasco of President Eisenhower's visit was a direct consequence of their mistake.

The fundamental illogicality of the neutralist position in Japan does nothing to lessen its emotional appeal in a country where insularity still encourages so much naivete and wishful thinking. In the years to come this appeal is likely, if anything to increase. Coupled with the unremitting pressure from the Communist powers and with the ever-growing attraction of Communist China, especially for the youth of the country, it will make Japan's continued adherence to the Western alliance far more precarious than is often imagined.

I.I.Morris

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INITIATION IN AND OUT

THE AMERICAN NOVEL AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

Stanley Tick

I

NOT very long after it was published, *The Catcher in the Rye* established itself as a curiously popular novel. I do not say 'curiously' because there is anything in the book which would seem to militate against popularity, but because the novel became—and remains—popular at such varied levels. And this does not happen often.

On the one hand, Salinger's novel was a very successful Book-of-the-month Club selection. The editorial committee choosing this club's offerings, particularly in the case of an unknown author's first novel, generally seeks to please a million or so 'middle-brow' readers, women and men who read for relaxation, family people: a group who, for the most part, wish neither to be challenged nor unduly upset by what they read. In sharp contrast, *The Catcher in the Rye* became 'the rage' on university campuses throughout America. Salinger suddenly found himself in the role of the undergraduates' spokesman and champion. And, as if this coincidence of literary tastes were not strange enough, astute literary critics and learned academics joined forces in an hierarchy of approval.

I have outlined this range of appeal in order to point to an immediate parallel, that of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. Of course, the reasons for popularity were not quite the same; nevertheless the parallel is not entirely a haphazard one. Indeed, students of American literature needed little enough time to start suggesting relationships between Salinger's novel and *Huckleberry Finn*, that landmark of American literature.

Both are first-person-singular narratives, constructed for the most part in picaresque form, using adolescent American boys as heroes. Both authors are masters of their idiom—which is freely exploited. Salinger resorts to frequent italicizing in order to capture the adolescent sing-song intonation of New York. The final effect (I judge as a native New Yorker) is perfect. Twain, who was the first to achieve the break-through to idiomatic speech in American novels, relied on his native idiom, including the negro dialect which was as familiar to his ear as his own Missouri river speech.

More to the point, both novels deal with boys who are violently

at odds with their societies, though they are at different stages of rebellion. Huck Finn owns few of the peripheral virtues: he's not very clean, his grammar isn't good, he's not even sociable. Let it be confessed further that he lies, but certain things ought to be kept in mind concerning his lies. Like any boy, Huck sets a high value on truth; as Lionel Trilling puts it, 'truth is the whole of any boy's conscious demand on the world of adults'. Yet it is frequently not forthcoming from those very adults, who withhold it on all sorts of pretexts. So boys can learn, when they feel it's necessary, to be skilful liars in their own defence.

When we pay close attention to Huck's lies, we soon come to realize much about the boy's world, and at least as much about his own humanity. He 'lies' in an attempt to save two murderers and their intended victim from being swept by flood to their doom; he 'lies' when he intercepts the two men who are canoeing towards the raft, searching for 'an escaped nigger'. What is revealing in this episode is the nature of the lie Huck tells to save Jim. He says that on board the raft his family is down with smallpox. Huck knows, he has learned, that the best way to keep these men away is to thus solicit their help. And, of course, the men paddle off as fast as they can.

Huck lies, yes, certainly! But it is because he is sceptical (which does not mean cynical). He assumes that people are apt to be unkind. In one way or another, he has learned to assume this. Before the trip downstream is finished, it becomes more than an assumption—it becomes part of Huck's certain knowledge: he comes to a profound awareness of human depravity.

Holden Caulfield is initially more advanced in this awareness than was the boy Huck Finn. Even before he is tossed out of Pency Prep, he has been unable to 'adjust' (as the social psychologists put it) in three previous schools. Holden lies too. Far more sophisticated than Huck, and living in a far more sophisticated society, Holden finds himself lying frequently in order not to hurt people's feelings. When the mother of one of his ex-schoolmates sits next to him on the train, Holden tells her what a fine boy her son is—aware all the time that the boy is, to Holden's way of thinking: 'the biggest bastard that ever went to Pency'. Or Holden lies in order to prevent a pointless argument. Old Mr Spencer, Holden's history teacher, tries to give the boy some parting advice: 'Life is a game, boy. Life is a game that one plays according to the rules.' 'Yes, sir,' Holden agrees, trying to placate the elderly man. 'I know it is. I know it.' But Holden thinks to himself: 'Game my ass. Some game. If you get on the side where all the hot-shots are, then it's a

game alright—I'll admit that. But if you're on the *other* side, where there aren't any hot-shots, then what's a game about it? Nothing.' Like most of the others, Mr Spencer has succumbed to a life replete with brutality and every type of viciousness. He cannot comprehend that there are some, some few, who don't accept such a society. Holden is one of those few.

Despite his harsh and irregular upbringing, Huck Finn is a wonderfully tender boy. Early in the novel, he and Tom Sawyer steal down to the river late at night, and Huck comments: 'Well, when Tom and me got to the edge of the hill-top, we looked away down into the village and could see three or four lights twinkling, where there were sick folks maybe.' Who but the most sympathetic of souls would have made such an observation? In the same way, at the circus when the drunk mounts the horse and goes tearing round the ring, apparently in imminent danger of falling off, the audience roars with laughter. But Huck confesses: 'It wasn't funny to me, though; I was all of a tremble to see his danger.' Huck's always 'in a sweat' over the predicament of someone else; and nowhere is his sense of sadness more in evidence than where it would appear to be uncalled for: he worries about the murderers; and when those two rogues, the King and the Duke, are tarred and feathered out of town, Huck, who had tried hard to save them, comments: 'Well, it made me sick to see it; and I was sorry for them pitiful rascals, it seemed like I couldn't even feel any hardness against them any more in the world. It was a dreadful thing to see. Human beings can be awful cruel to one another.'

Holden shares this knowledge. He feels sorry for everyone, for all the phonies in his world. He is sorry for people who don't need his sympathy, like the nuns who can't afford to eat in fancy restaurants; and for those who don't deserve it, like Maurice, the bullying procurer. Note Holden's sensitivity:

> The thing is, it's really hard to be roommates with people if your suitcases are much better than theirs—if yours are really *good* ones and theirs aren't. You think if they're intelligent and all, the other person, and have a good sense of humour, that they don't give a damn whose suitcases are better, but they do. They really do. It's one of the reasons why I roomed with a stupid bastard like Stradlater. At least his suitcases were as good as mine.

Both boys are lonesome. Huck says: 'I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead.' And Holden: 'I felt so lonesome all of a sudden. I almost wished I was dead.' Both use lonesome to mean the same thing: aloneness. There's no real question of being lonesome for anyone or anything. Huck, for all practical purposes, has always been an orphan; the ultimate death of his father is merely a relief. He has always been considered dis-

reputable by adults, and even the boys that dare play with him are aware of his peculiar social status. Never in St Petersburg did he have a chance to belong. Though Huck admires Tom Sawyer's imagination and spirit, he could never claim him for a friend. Finally, he can no longer even sense any identification with this erstwhile companion. The journey down-river has allowed him to lap Tom to maturity, and Huck will have no time at all now for grandiose children's games. Only Jim provided real companionship; but though Huck is loyal to Jim and though he comes to feel a sincere bond of humanity with him, this can only have been a temporary relationship. By the novel's end, Huck has lost any desire he may have had to belong. He has already learned 'enough to make a body ashamed of the human race'.

Holden has parents: 'They're *nice* and all—I'm not saying that—but they're also touchy as hell.' Clearly these parents have been able to provide no home for this son. He is desperately loyal, however, to the memory of his dead younger brother, Allie, and to his ten-year-old sister, Phoebe. But like Huck's relationship with Jim, these can be of only marginal value. His elder brother, D.B., appears to have forfeited his place of respect by going to Hollywood. A veteran of four schools, Holden has never met one boy he sincerely liked. Though he has evidently been born and raised in New York City (where he attended primary school) he has no friends there. He can tolerate an ex-tutor, and with more solid affection, an ex-lecturer. But Salinger makes us believe subsequently that this affection was misplaced. In short, Holden, like Huck, feels alone.

Yet these comparisons should not blind us to various important distinctions. Huck and Holden live in different worlds and at different times; similarly, Twain and Salinger are products of markedly different milieux. Hannibal of 1840 or so is only to be contrasted with New York City of 1950. And if Salinger received Twain as part of his cultural legacy, then he received in addition incomparably stronger inheritances: two world wars enclosing a depression; the manifest crumbling of religious beliefs; the impact of Freudian and Darwinian thought; and the ascendency of science and technology.

The fact remains, however, that the novels have an undeniable association. Both boys experience horror and humiliation; both demonstrate love and charity and courage, along with an uncomprehending wonder of a world they have not made and cannot unmake. Both own the values of an innocent, for neither can accept fraud, hypocrisy, or the triumph of evil. At whatever

risk, they fight as best they can for what they believe. Could we project the two together, we might say that they would have recognized each other's frailty: powerless innocence. And they would have recognized the guilt in each other's worlds. But the boys, like the novels, do not sustain one another; rather they are complementary.

The endings of the books are significantly different. Huck, now that Jim is free, refuses to return with Tom to St Petersburg. In the oft-quoted final lines, he tells Tom: 'I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.' Holden, who had wanted to escape to the lonely west and live in a remote cabin, breaks down after his harrowing weekend; and in an ironic parallel to *Huckleberry Finn*, he too goes west—but for psychiatric treatment. He tells us, now a year later:

> A lot of people, especially this one psycho-analyst guy they have here, keeps asking me if I'm going to apply myself when I go back to school next September. It's such a stupid question, in my opinion. I mean how do you know what you're going to do till you *do* it? The answer is, you don't. I *think* I am, but how do I know? I swear it's a stupid question.

I think that if we are able to place these novels in a broad tradition of American literature, we can understand the significance of their crucially different endings.

In order to do this, I shall use as a starting-point a passage from one of the articles which appeared in a recent *Times Literary Supplement* devoted to 'The American Imagination':

> It is as though for the American novelist his characters' most dearly cherished possession is a highly burnished innocence that eternally recreates itself but is destined to be destroyed because of the corruption of society, and society is seen as corrupt precisely because its nature is such that it must destroy innocence. It is the knowledge of this that makes the American hero an Ishmael.

This is an accurate observation as far as it goes. From Charles Brockten-Brown to Hemingway and Faulkner, American fiction reveals this recurring conflict. We see it, in one form or another, in Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James and Scott Fitzgerald. And, of course, we see it very clearly in the two novels I've just discussed. In Emerson's benign phrase, it is 'the simple genuine self against the whole world'. In the introduction to his latest critical study, Leslie Fiedler (who wrote a devastating attack on that *Times Literary Supplement* I quoted from, in *Encounter*, March, 1960) has put this most vividly:

> The figure of Rip Van Winkle presides over the birth of the American imagination; and it is fitting that our first successful home-grown legend should memorialize, however playfully, the flight of the dreamer from

> the shrew—into the mountains and out of time, away from the drab duties of home and town toward the good companions and the magic keg of beer. Ever since, the typical male protagonist of our fiction has been a man on the run, harried into the forest and out to sea, down the river or into combat—anywhere to avoid 'civilization', which is to say, the confrontation of a man and a woman which leads to the fall to sex, marriage and responsibility. One of the factors that determines theme and form in our great books is this strategy of evasion, this retreat to nature and childhood. . . .

Having realized that this pattern is an effect, Fiedler asks how we may account for its cause. Why did Holden want to run off to a lonely cabin in the wilderness; why did Huck light out for the territory; why does Hemingway's Nick Adams (of *The Killers*) want to get out of that town? This pattern is not limited to adolescents either, for we can ask the same questions concerning adults: why does Natty Bumppo go further and further west; why does Nick Carroway return to his mid-west; why does Lt Frederic Henry desert? What have these characters, and too many others to mention, all experienced, and what does their patterned reaction signify? Finally, why does this pattern continue to manifest itself in American literature?

II

We shall go back to where we must go back, to the Puritan settlement in New England. And we shall try to understand exactly what that settlement intended, and how important the intention became—not as a fact but as a dream. And this pilgrimage is undertaken in the spirit of de Tocqueville's words:

> The entire man is, so to speak, to be seen in the cradle of the child. The growth of nations presents something analogous to this; they all bear some mark of their origin. The circumstances which accompanied their birth and contributed to their rise affects the whole term of their being.[1]

Initially, of course, the Puritans did not expect that they would remain long in Massachusetts. But as they became increasingly alienated from their English brethren, they realized that New England was to be not only their home but their testing ground. It was here that they must prove to the world the righteousness of their path. Thus one Edward Johnson, who was neither a clergyman nor even a highly educated man, closes a letter to some English brethren with the following words: '. . . that you may not delay the voyage intended, for your full satisfaction know this is the place where the Lord will create a new heaven and a new earth in, new churches and a new commonwealth

[1] It is relevant, I think, to point out that Russel Ward uses this quotation as the frontispiece for his *The Australian Legend*. I hope that many things in this article may rouse questionings about Australian similarities or differences.

together'. Embodied in this one sentence are two fundamental tenets: that here is God's chosen land, and that a new commonwealth is envisioned. Johnson could never have known how significant such words were to be. Yet a little more than a hundred years later, in 1765, John Adams—a future president of his country—could say: 'I always consider the settlement of America as the opening of a grand scheme and design in Providence for the illumination and emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over earth.' But Adams was not a Puritan at all! Puritanism had by his time lost most of its strength! What then is this link which has enabled the original Puritan ideal to endure?

Before trying to answer this question, I should like to document more fully the nature and strength of the original Puritan belief. Here is a portion of a sermon preached by William Stoughton in 1670. Harvard and Oxford trained, Stoughton some years later acted the infamous role of chief justice at the special court investigating the outbreak of witchcraft in Salem:

> . . . to let New England know what the gracious, infinitely wise, holy and awful dispensation of divine providence is, under which the Lord hath set us and continued unto this day. We must look upon ourselves as under a solemn divine probation: it hath been and it is a probation time, even to this whole people. Under great hopes and singular eminent expectations hath the Lord our God been trying us, and is yet trying us in the ways of His salvation. . . . This we must know, that the Lord's promises and expectations of great things have singled out New England, and all sorts and ranks of men amongst us, above any nation or people in the world; and this hath been and is a time and season of eminent trial to us. If I should say that the very world or common ordinary professors expect great things from us at this day, there is a great deal of weight in it; if I should say that the faithful precious suffering saints of God in all other places that have heard of the Lord's providences towards us do expect and promise great things from us, this is far more; but to mention the Lord's own expectations, this is most of all, these are certainly most solemn and aweful. . . . As for special relation unto God: whom hath the Lord more signally exalted than His people in this wilderness? The name and interest of God, and covenant-relation to Him, it hath been written upon us in capital letters from the beginning.[2]

Despite such exortation, the Puritan theocracy toppled. Even despite the fiery brilliance of Jonathan Edwards in the middle of the eighteenth century, the dark Calvinist doctrines lost their force. Original sin, in particular, was rejected by the succeeding Unitarians in Massachusetts. But the dream of the Puritans, that in New England a new paradise was created, this did not lose force. After all, it was a magnificent dream, and there seemed no reason to cast if off. It needed only enlarging

[2] *The American Puritans*, pp. 113-114.

and liberalizing. Here *was* a new and virgin land, incredibly rich; here was a band of 'new' people, who could at last prove their righteousness by successfully resisting and finally overthrowing the old world tyranny. Here was the first democracy! No, the dream is ours—the dream fits.

But without a firm basis in dogma, how does one sustain such a belief? As John Adams implied, it can be done on the basis of history: all one need do is read history properly. Thus, Noah Webster's famous lines: 'American glory began at the dawn.' Thus, Edward Everett, in 1828, declares: 'The history of liberty is the real history of man.' And these sentiments are spelled out in a hundred voices, in editorials and sermons throughout the new land.[3] Here is a portion of an editorial which appeared, in 1839, in the influential *Democratic Review*: 'Our national birth was the beginning of a new history . . . which separates us from the past and connects us with the future only.' What in effect happened is clear enough: the puritan dream became transformed into myth-as-history. The new world is seen as miraculous and new-born; life and history are just beginning. There has been a divine second chance for man, offered on the uncontaminated soil of America. The old world had its chance and bungled things; it is all corrupt and rotting now. But America is not seen as the end-product of a long historical process—not at all. It is something entirely new, providentially inspired. It is paradise regained, and with no strings attached.

It remained only for someone to codify and authorize all this, which George Bancroft did in his ten volume *History of the United States*, the first volume of which appeared in 1834. A student of Everett's, Bancroft sees history in four stages: the first extended from the beginning of the world to the age of Socrates; the second to the start of Christianity; the third to the American revolution. And with that last-named event, the fourth and final stage commences, which, in Bancroft's words, is to be 'a more glorious era of which the one immediately preceding it may be considered as little more than formative'. America, then, is not only pure but unique—and under the aegis of providence. The dream of the Puritans is carried on, made into a kind of bed-rock which subsumes theology, patriotism and even history.

In our wisdom, we realize that this was hopelessly wrong. But we know something more: we know that dreams regularly defeat the dreamer. And the awakening can be harsh. In fact,

[3] For much of the following documentation I am indebted to R.W.B.Lewis's *The American Adam* (Chicago University Press, 1955).

the awakening can be too violently harsh to be borne. The force of the dream becomes too strong to resist. When that happens, one does not easily stay awake. One sinks back, dreaming the same dream over and over—only to awake as violently each time.

From de Tocqueville on, a series of astute non-American commentators had noted the inherent disunities, the irreconcilable contradictions of American life. The very institutions of democracy contain them; the rural-urban clash contains them (particularly when one side is a vanishing wilderness); the dual allegiance to the old world and the new contains them. And above all there is the challenge that life continually offers to the persistent dream.

Emerson, in his advice to American scholars, concludes by saying that he has 'listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe'. Now, he felt, he wanted to hear the new and natural music of the new continent. But for all Bancroft's view of history, for all the Puritan hopes, America was *not* different in the way they wished it to be. That this is so has given one of the enduring tensions to American literature. Time and again, her novelists test the theory.

Time and again we are given situations similar to those we observed in the novels of Twain and Salinger. The individual goes forth towards experience: a solitary individual, alone, who emerges in dazzling innocence to confront the world. A rootless wanderer, a Natty Bumppo, an Ishmael, a Lt Frederic Henry, a Huck Finn: a man who must learn the lessons of evil for the first time, who must collide with the institutions of reality.

No one has offered more brilliant insights into the mythic tensions of American literature than D.H.Lawrence. Writing about Fenimore Cooper, Lawrence says:

> The Leatherstocking novels . . . go backwards from old age to golden youth. That is the true myth of America. She starts old, old, wrinkled and writhing in an old skin. And there is a gradual sloughing off of the old skin, towards a new young youth. It is the myth of America.

The odd chronological structure of these novels shows us how Deerslayer moves further and further away, how he is regularly reborn, each time sturdily innocent and inviolate. The enduring innocence of Deerslayer is renewed with every spatial retreat. Writers as different as Balzac and Conrad admired Cooper—for his allegiance to that dream. And we may view *Huckleberry Finn* in the same light. Huck has come of age violently and involuntarily: he has experienced evil. He has witnessed senseless and inhuman cruelty. In his words: 'It was enough to make

a body ashamed of the human race.' He has had to reject, once and for all, the moral code he had always taken for granted. Through Jim, he has learned his humanity with all men. Now, with all this knowledge, how will he dispose himself?

Twain's final statement is a negative one; the move is regressive—for Huck shall 'light out for the territory', seek out some virgin land (further west). In short, this is a willed return to innocence. We'll try the dream once more. For all of Huck's desperately won knowledge, he can conceive of no place in society for himself. So off he goes, over the hills and far away once again—and repeatedly. He shall take his awareness to no man; nor shall he use it for himself. He simply opts out! In the words of Professor R.W.B.Lewis, this is an example of 'an initiation away from society'. Given the character of his society, Huck, like Natty Bumppo, like Frederic Henry, does not now enter it but actually leaves it. Knowledge of what it is like seems too awful to assimilate; the society is too dreadful to encounter further.

But Lawrence's insight, while it penetrates to the core of much American literature, does not account for all of it: the pattern he correctly comprehends and analyses is not the only one manifested by American novelists. For that same dream which accounted for the recognized pattern has also accounted for a significant variation from this response. The collision between innocence and reality does not always result in movement 'towards a new youth'. Writers even more recent than Salinger have articulated and extended the dynamic possibilities of the American dream.

A number of major novelists, without denying the dream, have nevertheless *affirmed the experience of reality*. The descriptive phrase for this affirmation of reality—a phrase which has become something of a critical cliché—is 'the fortunate fall'. The fictional hero, in all his lonely innocence, is once again made to confront evil; but his fall (from innocence) is claimed as fortunate (*o felix culpa!*) because as a result of this confrontation, there is some growth in moral intelligence which can be put to the world's use. The hero is, eventually, initiated *into* rather than *out of* society. He becomes mature; his hard-won knowledge does not drive him to seek out unspoiled land, but permits him to re-enter, and triumphantly re-enter, the world of men. Instead of a wilful return to innocence there is an existential awareness.

Hawthorne sounded the first note of this, but it is in Melville and Henry James that we see it most clearly affirmed. And,

in our time, it is William Faulkner who is constantly initiating *in.*[4] Henry James is, perhaps, the most consistent exponent—and his use of such names as Christopher *Newman* and *Adam* Verver make it obvious that we are dealing in part with Morality figures. The James hero, in the American pattern, is an innocent who comes into the unknown world—usually of Europe; there collides with the bewildering sophistication and nastiness he has never before experienced; and, having suffered his 'fortunate fall', returns a wiser and more capable man. The fact that he does return is crucial.

Before I return to Salinger, I should like to mention another contemporary novelist who, though he has written more, is far less well-known: Saul Bellow. In his first four novels, Bellow is patently grappling with the dream, fitful and furious that he cannot end it without the recurring, tail-end nightmare of flight. In *The Adventures of Augie March* he tries desperately to control his vision, but it would not be so controlled. Ultimately, Augie keeps running; his unending initiation cannot be turned to gainful nourishment. But in his most recent novel, *Henderson the Rain King*, Bellow has at least willed a fortunate fall, even if we must take the will for the deed temporarily. In the course of a vague double-allegory, Bellow allows his hero to return to America, presumably 'saved'. Precisely how this came about is difficult to say; at least I could not comprehend the twin allegories satisfactorily. But however thick the fog, there is sufficient orientation to discern the direction of the wind. (The very newest novelist to blaze his own trail on the fortunate-fall route is Bernard Malamud, whose *The Assistant* is worthy of all the praise it got when published early last year.)

III

On the evidence of *The Catcher in the Rye*, Holden Caulfield must be considered unregenerate. And Salinger, like Twain, would appear to be arguing thus: here is a lad who is, shall we say, maladjusted. But the fault is not in the so-named victim, indeed no! The disease is in his society. And if any sensible cure is to be contemplated, it ought to be directed against that society, not against one healthy enough to be unable to accept corruption.

With our sophisticated knowledge, we realize that this is merely a paraphrase of the American dream. This *is* a new

[4] The opening pages of section IV of Faulkner's story 'The Bear' offer the most explicit fictional statement of the New World-as-Eden theme in American literature.

world, virgin land, fair and beautiful. Either for God or for ourselves, it ought to be an earthly paradise. Why isn't it? Unable to rid myself of the dream, how am I to deal with the reality: that evil exists, and, in fact, pervades the world—old and new?

Huck went west, along with Deerslayer and Nick Adams (and even Nick Carroway). But the frontier is long past; there is no west in that sense. (The contemporary beat generation go speeding back and forth across America, east and west, north and south, seeking . . . seeking they know not what.) Holden, as we noted, is ironically sent west too, but only for psychoanalytic treatment. Now he is to be sent back to the east and back to society, which for him means school. And despite all his awareness of evil, he seems to have learned nothing that would permit him to survive any better. One fears for his future —unless he can escape to his remote cabin and marry the deaf-and-dumb wife he has promised himself.

At this point, then, we might agree to suspend final judgment on Holden Caulfield. (The parallel to Stephen Crane's Young Soldier suggests itself; for in *The Red Badge of Courage* we have another ambiguous resolution, where the fall cannot be properly ascertained.) It doesn't appear that Holden's fall has been fortunate, and it doesn't seem very likely that he can escape, that he can be initiated out of society. In fact, it appears not unlikely that he'll be crucified for his saintliness.[5]

Thoreau remarked once that 'every child begins the world again'. This is, certainly, a typical Romantic assertion, but it is one which has special application to American fiction. For all these heroes are children: either literally, like Huck and Holden, or spiritually, like Deerslayer and Christopher Newman. And they are rootless children, alone and innocent. They represent in some incarnate but pristine form the dream figures of a nation. Their vitality as well as their recurrence attests to the enduring strength of that dream. The still-unfolding American ethos is seen most clearly, then, only when it is seen through its dream.

Stanley Tick

[5] I employ the theological expression in connection with Salinger's hero because in other, more recent fiction—a series of related long short-stories—Salinger suggests that it is not inappropriate to his meaning. Seymour Glass, the eldest of a fascinating, spiritually troubled group of children in these more recent stories, has already found suicide the only alternative.

THE WORLD OF TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

M.J.Charlesworth

A BOOK by a Jesuit wholeheartedly espousing the neo-Darwinian theory of evolution and drawing out from it a novel and grandiose Christian 'world-view' is bound to cause some fluttering in both the religious and scientific dovecotes. Father Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man* (Collins, London) has, in fact, become something of a sign of contradiction in that it seems to have provoked either unqualified adulation or unqualified condemnation. Thus the book (and its author) have been enthusiastically commended by personalities as diverse as Sir Julian Huxley: '. . . a very remarkable book', Arnold Toynbee: '. . . a great man of science . . . a great soul', and Graham Greene: '. . . the number one book of the century'. It has, on the other hand, been condemned with equal enthusiasm as 'a minor work of space-fiction' and as 'an exciting and heady mixture of poetry and popular science'.

These extremes of appreciation are, to a certain extent, invited by the 'all or nothing' character of Father Teilhard's thesis. In other words, he is concerned to present a speculative system in the old and grand style, a system in which everything is so interlocked that it must either be all right or all wrong. As one of his critics has remarked: 'In a project of this magnitude there can be no partial success: a book which sets out to give the key to the universe must either be a very great book or a failure.'

The circumstances of Father Teilhard's life and career help one to understand something of the style and quality of his thinking. Born in 1881, he entered the Jesuit order at the age of eighteen and was ordained a priest in 1912. His main interests centred upon geology and paleontology and, under the influence of the remarkable priest-scientist the Abbé Breuil, the evolution of man became the focus of his research and thinking. As Sir Julian Huxley remarks in his Introduction to *The Phenomenon of Man*: 'He found himself impelled to build up a generalized theory of philosophy of evolutionary progress which would take account of human history as well as of biology, and from which one could draw conclusions as to the future evolution of man on earth.' At this time the extremely bold and experimental nature of some of Father Teilhard's theological speculations

aroused misgivings in his religious superiors and he was withdrawn from teaching duties; again, for disciplinary reasons, he was not able to publish any of his controversial works during his lifetime, though his writings were circulated privately in manuscript form and had a wide influence. In 1926 Father Teilhard was sent to China and remained there for the next twenty years. It was during this time that he collaborated in the famous discovery of the skull of Peking man, and it was also in China that *The Phenomenon of Man* was largely written between 1938 and 1940. In 1946 Father Teilhard returned to France, but, once again, his philosophical and theological ideas put him under an ecclesiastical cloud and in 1951 he moved to New York where he worked as a member of a scientific research foundation until his death in 1954. Personally Father Teilhard seems to have been a man of extraordinary charm and vivacity as well as being possessed of a deep sense of his priestly vocation and of a great deal of courage and integrity in face of the various misunderstandings and suspicions of his work. One has only to look at the remarkable photograph of his face, reproduced as frontispiece to *The Phenomenon of Man*, to see the quality of his character. As a scientist Father Teilhard was, as Huxley testifies, of world stature.

It is primarily as a scientist that Father Teilhard claims to speak in *The Phenomenon of Man*. So, at the beginning of his book, he says that he means it 'not as a work on metaphysics, still less as a sort of theological essay, but purely and simply as a scientific treatise' (p. 29). And he goes on to say that he has carefully avoided venturing into the 'field of the essence of being'. He notes that, since he deals with man as a whole, his theory may 'look like a philosophy' (p. 25), and he says further that science and philosophy and religion tend to 'converge' more and more as the object they study under different aspects becomes more fully explained. However, he insists that the method and aims of science and philosophy and religion are distinct: they 'assail the real from different angles and on different planes' (p. 30).

Unfortunately, one cannot really take seriously Father Teilhard's claim that his book is purely a scientific treatise offering a restricted and partial view of the human phenomenon. For, on almost every page of his book, Father Teilhard goes beyond the available scientific evidence (and, for that matter, beyond any possible scientific evidence), and engages in all kinds of adventurous metaphysical and theological speculations. *The Phenomenon of Man*, then, is not a scientific work in the strict

sense; it is rather a work of imaginative speculation on the basis of scientific evidence dealing with the evolution of living organisms. Father Teilhard's powers in this kind of thinking are quite prodigious, and one cannot but admire the extraordinary fertility and creativity of his thought, together with the mastery he displays in the shaping of his system. One feels that he is always in control of his system and never, like some systematizers, the prisoner of it. From this point of view, Father Teilhard invites comparison with that considerable genius Leibniz.

However, admirable and impressive as Father Teilhard's system is, it is another question altogether as to whether it is *true* or not and Father Teilhard does not provide any conclusive evidence, as far as I can see, to prove that it is true. Thus, for instance, one of his central theses is that the theory of evolution compels us to postulate that every part of matter is 'conscious' in some sense. Everything, so he says, has 'a conscious inner face that everywhere duplicates the material external face which alone is commonly considered by science' (p. 58). Father Teilhard presents this extraordinary theory (very reminiscent of Leibniz's theory of 'monads') with great subtlety and imagination (as Huxley notes, he was 'a strong visualizer'); but it is difficult to see how it can have any scientific sense, for it is neither experimentally verifiable, either directly or indirectly, that everything in the universe has a 'within' or 'a conscious inner face', nor is it a postulate demanded by the nature of the biological sciences. It is, no doubt, a very suggestive idea but, unfortunately, it is not possible to prove that it is a *true* idea, at least if we are relying on scientific evidence, as Father Teilhard claims to be doing.

Again, we may consider Father Teilhard's thesis that the evolutionary process has a 'direction,' and that this direction is towards a greater and greater development of consciousness or 'interiority' in the universe—a state of affairs represented as good and desirable. Father Teilhard's 'proof' of this is fairly typical of his methods of reasoning and it may be worthwhile examining it in a little detail. He begins by asking himself this question: when we look at the changes which have taken place in living organisms, can we distinguish between those changes which are accidental and superficial and those which are 'truer' or more essential? 'In these multiple combinations, is there really one which can be said to be truer than the others? Is there one, that is to say, which gives to the whole of living things a more satisfying coherence, either in relation to itself, or in relation to the world to which life finds itself committed?'

(pp. 142, 143) To this question Father Teilhard answers yes. If we classify living organisms by reference to the complexity of their nervous systems and brains, we find in fact, so Father Teilhard claims, that the changes of living forms within the various biological branches do tend towards the elaboration of more and more complex nervous systems. As he puts it: 'Among the infinite modalities in which the complication of life is dispersed, the differentiation of nervous tissue stands out, as theory would lead us to expect, as a significant transformation. It provides a direction; and by its consequences it proves that evolution has a direction.' (p. 146) And, so he goes on, since this development of the nervous system is linked directly with the development of consciousness—'the brain is the sign and measure of consciousness'—the direction of the evolutionary process is therefore towards the development of higher and higher forms of conscious life.

This is simply the bare bones of Father Teilhard's argument which in his book is filled out with very subtle speculation of the kind mentioned before. But it is enough to show how his reasoning depends upon a surreptitious slide from scientific premises to meta-scientific conclusions which cannot possibly be verified or falsified in scientific terms. Father Teilhard's argument comes to this: as a matter of scientific fact we can discern in the evolution of living organisms a tendency towards the formation of the more elaborate nervous systems; therefore the aim or purpose or direction of the evolutionary process consists in this. In other words, this is the way things do in fact happen; therefore this is the aim or purpose of them happening. If we adopted this line of reasoning the physicist might well argue that, since on the basis of the law of entropy the universe is tending towards a state where energy interchanges will no longer be possible, therefore this is the aim or purpose or direction of physical processes in the universe. (One could even, with a little Teilhardian imagination, work up a kind of 'existentialist' cosmology where the raison d'être of the world would consist in its self-destruction.) In this case the 'non-sequitur' is flagrant; in other words, it is obvious that the scientist, concerned as he is with describing how things do in fact happen, cannot qua scientist talk about 'purposes' or 'directions' save in a metaphorical sense. It is not that he supposes that things act in a random or purposeless way. That question is a meta-scientific one beyond the scientist's ken. The biological sciences, of course, lend themselves to quasi-teleological modes of explanation more readily than other sciences, and it is more

plausible in the former to make the move I have been describing. That is why the scientific theory of evolution has lent itself to 'evolutionism', that is to say, to illicit metaphysical and ethical and even theological extrapolations of the scientific evidence (the works of Sir Julian Huxley are a good example here). But the teleological language in which explanations in the biological sciences are often framed, is only a way of speaking. When, for example, we observe the life-cycle of the liver-fluke, it looks 'as if' this organism were endowed with diabolical ingenuity and that its whole aim and purpose were to destroy the liver of the sheep. But, I think, no one would want to say that this was *really* the purpose of the liver-fluke, as though the destruction of the sheep were its whole aim and intention.

If, then, Father Teilhard's teleological view of evolution cannot be justified on scientific grounds (though this is not to say that a teleological view of the world cannot be established on other meta-scientific grounds), the predictions about the future course of evolution which Father Teilhard draws out in Books III and IV of *The Phenomenon of Man*, also lack scientific justification. Thus, he claims that a new development in conscious life—'a critical change of the noosphere'—is due to take place: 'Either nature is closed to our demands for futurity, in which case thought, the fruit of millions of years of effort, is stifled, still-born in a self-abortive and absurd universe. Or else an opening exists—that of the super-soul above our souls. . . .' (p. 233) The scientific evidence of evolution is there, so Father Teilhard claims, to provide a 'rational invitation to an act of faith' in the truth of the latter alternative. We may therefore have 'absolute optimism' and hope in the outcome of the evolutionary process.

Father Teilhard goes on to predict that a change will take place in man leading him to a greater realization of the sense of community: 'all together in a direction in which all together can join and find completion in a spiritual renovation of the earth.' (p. 244) And, again, he says: 'No evolutionary future awaits man except in association with other men.' (p. 246) At the same time, a more intense development of the human person will take place; the universe is a 'personalizing universe' and this personalizing movement is directed towards an 'Omega point', or a 'hyper-personal' state, which represents the culminating and actualizing end of the whole evolutionary process.

In fact, Father Teilhard continues, this movement of evolution chimes in perfectly with the 'Christian phenomenon'. The Incarnation, by which God enters into union with the world

and assumes 'control and leadership of what we now call evolution'; the emphasis in Christianity upon personalism and universalism: 'Alone, unconditionally alone, in the world today, Christianity shows itself able to reconcile, in a single living act, the All and the Person.' (p. 298); the 'deification' of man in supernatural union with God: '. . . something in line with, but still more elevated than, the Omega point' (p. 298)—all these elements of Christianity 'coincide' so perfectly with the future state of mankind which can be predicted on the basis of the theory of evolution, that we may take the coincidence as a kind of proof both of the theory of evolution and of the truth of Christianity.

All this is, no doubt, very comforting to the Christian in that evolution, once the enemy of Christianity, is now shown to be its best friend; and, again, there is no doubt that Father Teilhard's conclusions do illuminate in a remarkable way certain of the central Christian notions. But, comforting and illuminating as Father Teilhard's conclusions may be, it is, as I have already remarked, another question altogether whether they are *proved* to be *true* by the kind of evidence which he invokes. As we have already seen, one may, in fact, entertain grave doubts as to whether Father Teilhard's world-view does have any scientific means of support.

I began by remarking that Father Teilhard's book was of an 'all or nothing' kind, and that it had to be judged either as a great book or as a failure. But perhaps there is a third alternative, for a book may be either a trivial and foolish failure or a significant and even a noble failure. If, then, we have to judge *The Phenomenon of Man* a failure, we have also to say that it is a failure of this latter kind—noble in its attempt to construct a vast and grandiose scientifico-philosophico-theological synthesis in the classical style; and significant in that it shows quite clearly and finally that, whether we like it or not, the day of the classical synthesis or 'system' is past.

M.J.Charlesworth

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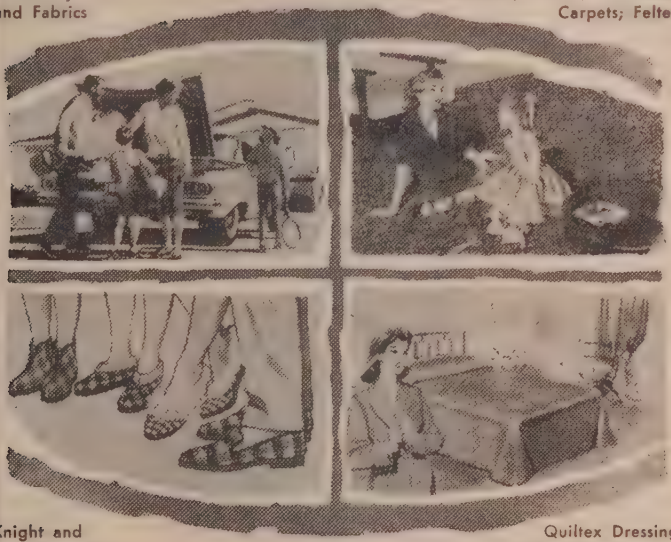

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ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE RELIGION OF LOVE

Eugene Kamenka

THERE ARE many reasons why men dislike, fear or hate their neighbours. Racialism, national or communal hatred and religious antipathy are certainly not the prerogative of Christian civilization. The Jews have been strangers in many lands, Christian and non-Christian; they have suffered in many lands, in lands Christian, in lands Muslim and in lands heathen. But outside the Christian world, Jewish suffering has been sporadic and rationally explicable; it has not distinguished the Jew from other minorities or other aliens. Only Christians have elevated the Jew into a 'world-historical' figure of evil—a deicide, an outcast, a sexual pervert, a perpetual wanderer, an animal whose suffering is especially pleasing to God. 'God hates you!' thundered St John Chrysostom, golden-mouthed preacher of the God of Love, at the hapless Jews, thus enabling Christians to release, with theological sanction, all those emotions which their religion represses of forbids on those who are reviled by the religion itself. It is no accident that the modern 'respectable' Christian is so shocked by the sexual vulgarity in the anti-Semitic writings of great theological figures, from Tertullian to Luther. It is in these writings that the figure of the Jew usurer and the unrepentant reviler of God resolves itself readily into its true psychological components: the Jew-poisoner, the Jew-syphilitic, the Jew-crucifier of children, the Jew-murderer. In Christian fantasy, the contemptible figure of Shylock fingering his ducats conceals the terrifying figure of Shylock whetting his knife to castrate the Christian. True anti-Semitism reveals itself as a pathological *fear* of the Jew, in which economic and social anxieties are merely peripheral to a deep-seated sexual anxiety. The fear of the vengeful father-castrator is *not* confined to Christian civilization; the identification of the Jew with that figure *is*. The Church which proclaimed the Jews to be the killers of Christ provided one necessary precondition for that identification (circumcision, for which the Church is certainly not responsible, is another); the Church which used the Jews' misery as a living witness to the truth of Christianity gave almost free rein to the barbarities that flowed from such an identification.

MALCOLM HAY'S *Europe and the Jews* (Beacon Press, Boston, $1.95) does not probe the causes of anti-Semitism or the social situations that favoured or obstructed it. Hay, a Roman Catholic Scot whose previous books were devoted to refuting the anti-Catholic prejudices of English and Scottish historians, now turns his attention to Christianity and primarily to his own Church. Has it, too, displayed a 'chain of error' in its treatment of the Jews? The religious material for Christian anti-Semitism, he believes, appears for the first time in the Gospel of John; there is no trace of it in Luke, Mark and Matthew. It is John who substitutes the phrase 'the Jews' where the Synoptic Gospels had written 'the Pharisees'; it is he who—perhaps unwittingly—gives the impression that the Jews as a whole desired the death of Jesus. (The Synoptic Gospels, in contrast, make it clear that the Sanhedrin feared a popular—i.e. Jewish—tumult in favour of Jesus.) From this came the Christian conception of the Jews as a 'deicide race'—a description to which the Italians have slightly better claim—elaborated early in the history of Christianity into the theological position that the Jews must bear the guilt for an historical crime, that their suffering is required by God as proof of the truth

of Christianity and that their 'insolence' must be repressed as an affront to the true faith. Church Fathers, Popes and leaders of the Reformation joined in reviling the Jews, frequently in almost pathological terms. 'The Devil has eased himself and emptied his belly,' wrote Martin Luther in his *Vom Schem Hamphoras*. 'That is real halidom for Jews and would-be Jews, to kiss, batten on, swill and adore; and then the Devil in his turn also devours and swills what these good pupils spue and eject from above and below. . . . The Devil, with his angelic snout, devours what exudes from the oral and anal apertures of the Jews; this indeed is his favourite dish, on which he battens like a sow behind the hedge.' St John Chrysostom and St Bernard preached in their sermons that the Jews were lower than beasts; charges of ritual murder, well-poisoning, desecration of the Host were assiduously spread by the lower clergy and often repeated by the higher. The Popes, according to Hay, strove to do no more than prevent the wildest excesses against the Jews, often on grounds of ecclesiastical expediency rather than from humanitarianism; with the exception of the truly humane Innocent IV they were not prepared to say that Jews should be spared misery altogether.

The central position which anti-Semitism occupied in Christian theology in the medieval period, Mr Hay seems to be suggesting, the beatification of children allegedly martyred by the Jews, the Papal repetitions of anti-Semitic calumnies, have left an anti-Semitic strain in the modern Church temporal and made Catholic writers with an admiration for the Middle Ages especially prone to anti-Semitism. Both Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc justified the medieval persecution of the Jews and displayed animus against modern Jews; the anti-Semites, such as Drumont, who pilloried Dreyfus, spoke in the name of Catholicism, and far too many of the local clergy, at least, were prepared to regard support for the Jew Dreyfus and anti-Catholicism as equivalent. In the article on Freemasonry in the *Dictionnaire apologétique de la foi catholique*, edited by a Jesuit professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, the author gravely quotes '*un douloureux cri d'alarme*' of M. Doinel: 'In the mind of Satan, the synagogue has an immense, a preponderant place. He relies on the Jews to govern Freemasonry, as he relies on Freemasonry to destroy the Church of Jesus Christ. . . . The Jewish brain directs the action . . . against the Apostolic and Roman Church . . . and against her visible head the Pope, and against her invisible Head, Christ. Crucify Him! Crucify Him!'

Mr Hay, obviously, is not an anti-Catholic. There is, I suppose, some value in another popular and highly readable account of the anti-Semitic strain in Christian history which takes up, without anti-Catholic prejudice, the specially intimate relation between religious anti-Semitism and the Catholic Church, at least in its lower orders. But while there may be value in reminding people of the facts, Mr Hay has virtually nothing to contribute to our understanding of these facts. He gives us neither a study of feudal anti-Semitism nor of the Catholic position vis-à-vis the Jews; he makes no attempt to assess the complicated role of the Papacy in medieval anti-Semitism (its role, I should say, was on the whole restraining, though not for the best of reasons); he does not consider to what extent the French Catholic anti-Semitics represent Catholic opinion in France, or to what extent there is a cleavage between higher and lower clergy on Jewish questions. In bringing in a great deal of modern material—moving accounts of Jewish sufferings under the Nazis and indications of the world's indifference—he adds to the journalistic appeal of his book; but he does not help to clarify issues.

Eugene Kamenka

WHERE NOW FOR DRYSDALE?

Mungo MacCallum

As one wandered around the big commemorative exhibition of Drysdale's work a few months ago in Sydney, a question began to niggle; a question unformulated and almost ungrateful in the face of these enormously interesting pictures spanning an artist's development from 1937 to 1960. But now, studying again the book issued at the same time, the question takes form, becomes more demanding: does Drysdale take it for granted that he will continue to explore the inland—both the geographical inland and the inland of the minds of its inhabitants? Does he ever think of finding 'the inland' in this sense right where his studio is, in the metropolis?

An artist must paint where and how he wishes, but our painters (and writers), fascinated by our bush landscape, have been known to ignore the fact that what they find outback exists in the city. The symbols are different.

The Drysdale book, issued by the Art Gallery of NSW, published by Ure Smith, poses the question of his future on almost every page. But first it must be said that it displays various avoidable deficiencies. It may essay several roles—introducer, remembrancer, recorder—but in each of these it must epitomize Drysdale's Progress. Its core is naturally the set of reproductions, two dozen in black and white, one dozen in colour, and while one accepts that the former must wrap the artist's vision in gauze, it is therefore the more important that the colour prints be true. They raise doubts. The dustjacket, 'Emus in a Landscape', is definitely not true. Without the originals for comparison one cannot be certain about the rest but, to take only a couple of the more important pictures, 'Native Dogger at Mt Olga' does not jell with the memory of it and 'The Pickaminni' (surely one of Drysdale's best) seems to have lost texture and tone. Quality of reproduction aside, this selection, like poetry anthologies, will not satisfy everyone, possibly not even the selectors, but by and large I believe that it gives 'a fair idea' of the gamut of the artist's work.

Cost, availability for reproduction and other problems no doubt affected the choice of pictures, but in what precedes and follows these there are several disconcerting editorial decisions. Clamped in the brash embrace of orange pages of letterpress, the colour prints dim and the black and whites retreat further into the shades. The end-papers consist of scores of 'candid' shots of Drysdale—standing, leaning, pondering, pausing, smoking, laughing—and only two pages in which we find one of these enlarged: George Russell Drysdale, born 1912, in working uniform of check shirt with sleeves rolled up, blind in one eye. It is excellent—and enough. Instead of the repetitive frieze why not a few of the snapshots and scribble-sketches of Drysdale's stimuli outback which were on view at the exhibition? To see the beginnings and the final transmutation cheek by jowl can be rewarding.

But it is the dialogue by Paul Haefliger in which 'Mr X and Mr Y' discuss the artist that pulls one up short. 'I've come to talk about George Russell Drysdale.' 'Oh, the best of subjects.' The heart sinks. This dialogue is so mannered and skittish that the good talking-points which stud its ten pages are obfuscated. One longs for something plainer. It draws to a Graceful Close: 'Let's open another bottle.' 'With pleasure, Mr X.' 'At your service, Mr Y.' Could this, one wonders, be a send-up of esoteric criticism, conscious intellectualism! Alas, no—as Mr X might say. Admittedly the matter cannot be discussed in gruff monosyllables, but the dialogue form . . . well, take another

look at Plato. Regretfully it must be said that this, the only assessment *per se* of Drysdale in the book, does the book and the artist little service.

Ironically enough, it is left to Drysdale, in all modesty, unconscious of the role, to tell us what makes him tick. The vignette *Capricornia*, written for one of his London shows, is vivid and revealing. Likewise his Chronology, a series of jotted facts about his life with sparse but pointed comment, which for contrast follows the Haefligerian word-web. Two basic leads emerge, neither explicitly stated: he has had time to think and reject, and he loves the inland deeply. Both may seem obvious to those who know his pictures, but they are worth examining in terms of the future, because as an artist who is still going forward his whither is as important as his whence.

There is some validity in the popular concept of painters, writers, musicians, poets: *on dit* that they work best in poverty and trouble, pursued by daemons in attics rather than home units, not knowing where the next meal (or bottle) is coming from. It is true that there have been well-heeled artists in whom indolence has eroded impetus, and that some artists achieve most in desperation or passion. (Soutine, whom Drysdale mentions, was passionate in this sense.) But for Drysdale there have been no attic-bound frenzies, he has had time to do what he needed to do—to think. He has been thinking since 1932 when he talked to George Bell in Melbourne. 'At that time,' he records tersely, 'knowledge of art limited to popular conceptions.' He went abroad to have a look, and caught fire.

One constant threat to the arts in Australia is noted by John Pringle: the rat-race of productivity, churning out work, 'keeping up'. Drysdale has escaped this. In this book alone a colour-blind man could see how he has thought his way forward and inward, from the pre-war experiments which are part of any young artist's search, through the post-war period when he began to make his path, to now, when for many people he expresses a fundamental part of this country's persona. You pass through the main streets of country towns, stiff and dry, the spindling columns of the old pubs attenuated by the sun's demand, the balcony shadows darkening as they try to hide their secrets from the pressure of emptiness. 'This is Drysdale' you think. The same goes for various types of people in the outback.

Predictably, Drysdale realizes most when he is least anecdotal. In 'Basketball at Broome' (1958) the scurry of aboriginal girls and the exhorting nun tell their story in an instant. The painting itself adds no postcript. There is no more to be—'said' one almost wrote, but the word is 'found'. But the same year as 'Basketball' produced 'Native Dogger', 'The Red Shirt' and 'The Puckaminni', all of them aboriginal but ponderable, pictures to live with.

It is superficial to assume—through conditioning?—that the aborigines in these pictures are lonelier than the whites. The dark quartet of 'Shopping Day' stands alien in the empty street while the statue of the white man towers above. Yet the boys playing cricket against a baking wall, Maria and Joe staring separately from the shade at no-one, the drover's wife, incorrigibly domestic in the midst of nowhere—even the man who (as early as 1941) lopes to feed his scrawny leaping dogs—these and other figures are more isolated than the aborigines. The aborigines may be dispossessed but the whites have never truly taken possession. Like their rickety buildings, they are on the landscape, not of it. This is what, to me, makes Drysdale important. He loves this inland but has no illusions.

But is he in thrall to it, or can he go further? Can he, in fact, turn his back on it geographically to find its subtler expression? For this inland, it seems to me, lies in all of us, a pressure at the back of every city slicker's head, a usually subconscious sense of precariousness and alienation which we share with the

figures of the bush, and which makes us go after symbols of tenure. As Drysdale journeys back to Potts Point after his forays he can see the symbols thickening long before he nears the city: the mod. bung. of tapestry brick, defiant in a half-cleared paddock; the TV aerial, attenuated as any of his own figures, teetering grotesquely tall above a shack in the fringe area; then the indispensable gardens, picket against encroachment, the sea of fierce red tiles, the lurid concrete daring nature to do better. And back in the city itself he can note the further assertion of park seats in defiant colours, the agglomeration of external ornament, façades competing—what in a different context Robin Boyd calls Featurism. These claims of tenure are as 'Australian' as aborigines at Snake Bay, Old Larsen, strange rocks, desperate trees and the bones of cattle. They are less explicit, more complex, deeper. But so are Drysdale's latest pictures; he may be ready for this change. Or will he stick to the bush?

Mungo MacCallum

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J. L. TALMON:
Political Messianism—The Romantic Phase.
Secker & Warburg. London. 57s. 3d.

This is the second part of a trilogy designed to expose the unbroken intellectual tradition connecting Rousseau and Bolshevism. Volume I, *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* (1952) dealt crisply, though without great originality, with Rousseau (*Social Contract* only), Robespierre and Baboeuf. Volume II, which continues the story up to the eighteen-fifties, is an altogether more considerable work, mainly about French socialism, but with enough on Germany to launch the young Marx, and on minor nationalists to prepare us for the geographical ramifications of 1848. It also treats, though much more briefly, of Frenchmen—liberals and reactionaries—on the defensive. The English reader is encouraged to feel smug that there are no English names in this story.

Professor Talmon's contention is that all the livelier political thinking of this period made a religion of revolution. There was on all sides a peculiar hankering after a totally different social order, a belief in the imminence of the Day, and extraordinary hopes that this would at once usher in universal regeneration and a golden age in which all the problems of social evil and social organization would be finally solved.

His main exhibit is Saint-Simonism, and even if one disagrees in the end about the centralness of this movement to its time, or about the degree of likeness to be seen in related writers, we remain deeply in the author's debt for introducing us so fully and sensitively to a set of doctrines that have by no means yet lost their fascination.

The book ends with a very detailed and readable narrative of the events of 1848. It is clear that this was a late development in the book's planning, yet it makes a very satisfactory conclusion, since nothing else could show so clearly the painful disillusionment of the revolution's actual arrival. Messianism could never quite be the same again.

Just as interesting, too, is the long penultimate enquiry into why revolution should be in the air in a country enjoying comparatively equable conditions. These excursions of a political philospher into what is normally taken to be the province of the general historian underline the vagueness of our expectations from a work of this kind. We have in fact no clear or generally accepted models for the analysis of political ideasystems, past or present; and are prepared to an extraordinary degree to put up with high-class précis-writing interspersed with literary criticism: ('His [Fichte's] pages pullulate with those solemn Nouns which require a capital letter, and his style alternates between the irretrievable dreariness of scholastic abstraction and the rapturous flaming dithyrambic incantation'); psycho-biography: and impertinence: ('There would have been greater depth and more tragic grandeur about him [de Tocqueville] had his not unjustified fears been combined with a more straightforward and livelier hatred of the social evils and deeper love for suffering fellow men').

This book has been hailed as part of the neo-Conservative fashion in Western universities, and it is true that it is essentially an extrapolation into the past of Popper's distinction between historicist and empiricist politics. But he wears his neo-Conservatism, shall we say, in a very classical liberal manner:

'What repelled both Saint-Simon and his disciples *and* Ultramontane absolutists in liberalism was its areligious character, its freedom from both

the burden of sin on the one hand, and the craving for salvation on the other. That seeming insouciance, combined with pragmatic empiricism, appeared to both adversaries of liberalism as the selfish concern of smug and contented men to be left free to be what they were. In the eyes of the Right the liberals were sacrilegious rebels who caught fright after they had ignited the fuse; to the Left they were selfish traitors. The liberals could well have replied with the saying of Poincaire that "those who thirst before everything for certitude do not really love truth". Nor do they love freedom.'

A.F.Davis

CYRIL PEARL:
Always Morning
Cheshire. Melbourne. 40s.

'Orion' Horne, the nineteenth century poet and juornalist, is forgotten today; and *Always Morning* suffers from its author's painstaking determination to rescue his subject from oblivion. He describes him as 'an elusive mirror' to Victorian literary life, 'appearing briefly and disappearing, like the Cheshire cat, in biographies, letters and memoirs'. These Cheshire cat appearances certainly give a fragmentary air to the book. To divide all chapters into short and often unconnected sections, as Mr Pearl does, is distracting to the reader; and a biography so crammed with characters needs an index, a complete bibliography, and exact references for its innumerable quotations. The head reels with its multitudinous facts!

Horne is remarkable chiefly as a failure; yet he was a talented writer, with a lifelong devotion to literature. He wrote brilliant prose-descriptions of his travels; but he aspired to be a poet, and his neo-Elizabethan verse-dramas, 'full of sonorous rhetoric' (the phrase is Mr Pearl's) were widely admired. But no-one would produce them on the stage and when he published the once famous epic which gave him his nickname, he sold it for a farthing, to mark his contempt for public taste. It sent the publisher bankrupt, in spite of ten editions, and Horne made nothing. This affair was typical of his quixotic and egotistical character, and I think that Mr Pearl does not dwell enough on this. Horne's very first work was an attack on 'literary middlemen'—in other words the publishers, editors and reviewers by whom he hoped to live; and the critic James Douglas, the friend of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, wrote: 'this laid the foundation of that edifice of Ishmaelitism in which he lived for fifty years'. Horne is a great example of a literary might-have-been.

He knew many of the most famous writers of his day; but though Elizabeth Barrett collaborated with him, though Leigh Hunt and Dickens employed him, he was not able to make a living by his pen in England; and at the age of fifty he set sail for the gold-diggings of Victoria. In this ill-conceived adventure, which cost him his wife and much of his reputation, lies his greatest interest for Australians; and Mr Pearl's six chapters on Horne's Australian adventures are the best integrated in the book.

Horne's struggles to earn a living in Australia make sad reading. He lived in Melbourne's 'canvas town', he escorted gold over rough roads, he settled mining-disputes. A Melbourne journalist was shocked to find 'among the slushy holds of a dreary deserted digging in the wilderness, the first living poet of England'. But even there, by the light of one candle, he scribbled imitations of Marlowe and Webster. Mr Pearl describes him as 'a sterile anachronism' in Australia, and attributes his failure there to his 'tenacious attempts' to implant English culture to an alien soil. But Horne was already a failure and an anachronism in England, where men called him

'the last of the Elizabethans'. He was fundamentally an imitator, not a creator.

At least he escaped the tragic fate of his literary associates, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Henry Kendall and Marcus Clark. After seventeen years of exile, as he deemed it, Horne managed to return to 'old black-faced London', where he died in 1884, cheerful and impecunious, aged eighty-three. His voluminous works died with him, and the extracts which Mr Pearl quotes for us are tedious enough, and hardly warrant immortality. There remains only the famous line: ' 'Tis always morning somewhere in the World', which gives its name to this work, designed to recall him to our memory; and one short poem in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*—a modest result, after 'sixty years of dedicated effort'. But after all, how many poets have done more?

Mr Pearl has written an interesting book. *Catherine Mackerras*

GUISEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA:
The Leopard
Harvill Press. London. 20s.

No novel in the last decade has created such an international stir as di Lampedusa's *The Leopard* except *Dr Zhivago*. But whereas Pasternak's book excited people largely by its contemporaneity, the social and political concerns which run through *The Leopard* have, for most readers at least, an assertive irrelevance. Part of the book's charm, it seemed from early reviews, must lie in that kind of escapism, common to historical novels, which puts the agony and disorder of social revolution reassuringly under glass.

Like *Gone With the Wind*, the book is, according to the dust jacket 'the story of a traditional way of life at the point of decline': 'In the spring of 1860 Fabrizio, Prince of Salina . . . still rules over thousands of acres and hundreds of human beings . . . then comes Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, and the fall of the Bourbon monarchy in Naples. The Prince must decide. . . . The epilogue, laid in 1910, shows the House of the Leopard . . . fading grotesquely but indomitably into the dusk of history.'

This sort of description can only convey an impression of mediocrity or worse; but it falsifies the book in failing to convey the singularity and complexity of di Lampedusa's subject. This is not a novel about the Decline of a Traditional Way of Life or the Defeat of a Social Class; it is a novel about the fate of a family, and above all the fate of one man and his vision—a vision with which di Lampedusa is very largely identified. Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, does not see himself as being in 'society'; at the Ponteleone ball, the one general scene of aristocratic life in the book, it is his alienation which is stressed, more fully and more finely than can be suggested without extensive quotation. He is irritated by the palace; and by the women, who seem to him so many chattering monkeys. The men he hardly notices: to them, suspicious of his alien intellectual interests and manner, his presence is acceptable only because of his nobility and his physical prowess: 'Don Fabrizio was wandering round the rooms; he kissed the hands of ladies he met, clapped on the shoulder men he wanted to greet, but could feel ill-humour creeping slowly over him. First of all he didn't like the house. . . . The women at the ball did not please him either. . . . The more of them he saw the more put out he felt; his mind, conditioned by long periods of solitude and abstract thought . . . got into a kind of hallucination; he felt like a keeper in a zoo looking after some hundred female monkeys. . . . Among these men Don Fabrizio was considered an "eccentric"; his interest in mathematics was taken almost as sinful perversion, and had he not been

actually Prince of Salina and known as an excellent horseman, indefatigable shot and tireless womaniser, his parallaxes and telescopes might have exposed him to the risk of outlawry. Even so they did not say much to him. . . .'

What happens to this society is in no way suggested in the book; and what happens to the House of the Leopard is as much due to Fabrizio's sense of alienation—to an arrogant sense that after him nothing much matters—as to the broader sweep of events. His egotism has driven his only hopeful son abroad, and for his remaining heir he has only pitying contempt:

'There were his grandchildren, too, of course; Fabrizietto, youngest of the Salina, so handsome, so lively, so dear. . . . So odious. With his double dose of Màlvica blood, with his good-time instincts, with his tendency to middle-class *chic*. It was useless to try and avoid the thought, but the last of the Salina was really he himself, this gaunt giant now dying on a hotel balcony.'

It is this indifference which allows him to make but not pursue a few moves towards bourgeois-liberal compromise—moves destined by their perfunctoriness to lose respect and gain nothing. Above all, it is his contempt for his posterity which leads him to half-encourage, half-drive his lively nephew into a middle-class marriage instead of a match with his daughter Concetta. And it is in this connection that di Lampedusa finally dissociates himself from Fabrizio, when in the Epilogue, set twenty-five years after the Prince's death, he intimates how much was lost with that union: Concetta, who had strength and character, was consigned to a spinster's life of hate and sterility; Tancredi, who had wit and grace, became a social and political adventurer with a stupid and adulterous wife.

These characters were smothered 'in life' by Fabrizio, and they are in the book. According to the dust jacket, di Lampedusa was a Stendhalian and *The Leopard* merits comparison with Stendhal for the calm certainty with which it portrays the complex interaction of extremely individual ends with the shifting demands of society. At the same time, the comparison with Stendhal shows at once how limited a book *The Leopard* is: it is not like a Stendhal novel, but like a thread ravelled out from one. Where from the complex destinies of his characters Stendhal creates—without generalization, without crudity—a whole world, *The Leopard* remains obstinately the portrait merely of one man, with background.

Nevertheless, it is a portrait in the grand manner: Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, whose manifest superiority to all he surveys leaves him no further consolation but astronomy, obsessed with the knowledge that his own incomparable life is leaking away: 'Sometimes he was surprised that the vital reservoir could still contain anything at all after all those years of loss. "Not even if it were big as a Pyramid. . . .' On other occasions, more frequent, he had felt a kind of pride at being the only one to notice this continual escape, while no one around him seemed to sense it in the same way; and this made him feel a certain contempt for others, as an old soldier despises a conscript who deludes himself that sizzling bullets are just harmless flies. Such things are never confessed, no one knows why, but left for others to sense; and no one around him had ever sensed them at all, none of his daughters with their dreams of a world beyond the tomb identical with this life, all complete with judges, cooks and converts; not even Stella who, though devoured by the canker of diabetes, had still clung pitiably to this vale of tears.'

That passage shows with ironic precision both the depth and the blind-

ness of his egotism, and it does so with an unobtrusive compassion. Almost throughout the book di Lampedusa's touch is as sure.

Evan Jones

HAROLD STEWART:
A Net of Fireflies
Tuttle. Vermont (USA) and Tokyo (Japan). $4.50

Though few, if any of the three hundred and twenty poems in this anthology of Japanese haiku have not appeared in English before, Mr Stewart can claim some degree of novelty in his approach. The highly compressed haiku, seeking to suggest a complex mood in seventeen syllables of simple imagery, can sometimes, if literally rendered, yield to the uninitiated little more than perplexity. 'A nightingale upside down—the first cries of spring!' lyrically exclaims one of the early masters—and we may perhaps be excused if we do not grasp at once that this is a daringly conceived expression of the eternal sadness of things. Mr Stewart's answer to the problem is to give us 'poetic paraphrases' in rhymed couplets. Thus Bashō's well-known *Shizukasa ya/ Iwa ni shimi-iru/semi no koe* (Stillness . . . into the rocks sink the cries of cicadas) becomes, under the title 'A Raucous Solitude':

What burning stillness! Brass cicada-drones
Drill their resonance into rocks and stones

And the same poet's lament at the graveside of a young haiku enthusiast —'Move, o grave! My cries of grief are the autumn wind'—is rendered,

Shake, o desolate grave-mound, shake! My wail
Of mourning is the autumn's head-long gale!

The technical artillery is impressive and imaginatively deployed, but not always accurately aimed. Bashō composed the first of the above poems, as we know from his own account, in response to a sense of melancholy tranquillity experienced one summer's afternoon in the deserted precincts of a lonely mountain temple. The translation leads us to a solitude altogether more torrid and disagreeably noisy. The same inflationary tendencies have upgraded the biting sadness of an autumn wind, in the second example, to the dimensions of a typhoon. Though very many of these versions compare favourably as English verse with the efforts of predecessors we may be permitted to doubt whether they are sufficiently faithful to the original mood to be termed accurate translations, and the adoption of the rhymed couplet must be held in some degree responsible for this.

Mr Stewart seems not averse to making large claims, but he makes none to proficiency in Japanese. 'Whatever accuracy there may be in the following verses' he acknowledges, 'is due to my predecessors in translation.' I think we have a right nowadays to expect of our translators, even if they be poets, a rather keener ear than this implies for the nuances of the original, and a rather more intimate knowledge of related Japanese literature. To say, as Mr Stewart does—at great length—that all haiku are Zen, and that a sympathetic understanding of oriental metaphysics is the prime qualification for the translator, borders on nonsense. A pleasant feature of the volume is the inclusion of thirty-three reproductions, in colour, of modern haiku paintings.

G.W.Sargent

EVAN JONES:
Inside The Whale
Cheshire. Melbourne. 15s.

A new book of poetry, published in Australia, is a rare thing nowadays; and though I had seen a few of Mr Jones's poems in magazines, I had not been able to form any estimate of how his work was likely to read,

in volume. So I opened the book—which has quite a well-designed, though not a very relevant, cover—with pleasure. What was it going to be like inside the whale? And why inside the whale, anyway?

The first thing that happened was that the cover came off in my hand. As it had had only ordinary postal handling—which admittedly can be a severe test—this seemed a pity. But the book is pleasantly and clearly printed, if one can ignore the number of misprints left in; some of them, however, are serious ('front' for 'font', 'doing' for 'going'). This is annoying to the reader, but it doesn't affect the poetry.

The introductory quotation, from Hobbes's *Leviathan*, explains the title. Inside this particular whale, it is dark, but there is a circle of light in which the poet sits with his pen, invoking his 'forebears, friends, exemplars' in a language a little donnish, a little derivative (Yeats, Hope, McAuley, etc.) and alas, a little dull. He gives them homage, or good advice, he writes them birthday odes, epithalamions, christening songs and curious verses; he is in fact a prolific producer of *vers d'occasion*. Outside, the rain is usually falling. The whale, in fact, is Melbourne, and Jonah is a University man.

So much for the generalities. When we come down to particulars, there is a good deal to enjoy in Mr Jones's verse; there is his picture of Dr Johnson colloguing with the mirror:

Were you not sick to see your own success
At scoring points with all too ready wit
Beneath which no-one saw the emptiness,
The willingness to bargain for a hit. . . .

There is his interesting and difficult 'Christening Song', which is an attempt to fuse two poems in one, the themes of the unconscious child and of the conscious adult who watches. And there are some clear and moving words and pictures:

Old lady lying quiet, your dry hands
Folded around small flowers of some kind,
Your skull as thin and ruined as your land

But it is seldom Mr Jones is so definite or so monosyllabic. His choice of phrases often smells of a kind of academic filing system: 'I gratefully remark', 'some perfunctory salute', 'to praise the glorious dead', 'phallic terrors', 'the final treachery'. He writes a pleasant, obvious, cantering verse, with occasional stumbles over scansion:

Beyond these blocks, a shopping centre planned
With the same unity—a kindergarten,
An empty paddock, on the other hand—
Reached to the hill-foot, and from there, to hearten
Me, on both sides of the mounting road
Lay houses red and regular as tartan. . . .

And he uses words as obfuscatory as cottonwool over the mind—words like 'inscrutable', 'uncertain', 'sacramental', 'egocentric', 'concupiscent', 'accentuate'. The poems abound with lines like

Till after two years we stayed out till day. . . . (pentameter)
Of love's furrowing possessiveness and insight. . . .
I decided to walk. The air was cool and fresh. . . .
My wife and I would wish you our success.

When he writes briefly (which is not often) he can be concise and effective, as in his 'Elegy for a Swan'; but when he writes at length (as in 'A Valedictory Ode on Leaving the University of Melbourne') he can be gently, but inexorably, banal:

Cool even in the drowsy summer air,
This dark receptive building has now turned
Alien to my last appraising stare,
Although it is the shell in which I learned
So much with which my heart has been concerned.
Mortar and sandstone cannot feed a flame

In which the waste of learning might be burned,
And when there is no echo of my name
This maze of stairs and corridors will be the same.

And the longer the poem, the more this unvarying pace weighs upon the reader. Caesura after caesura comes so pat in the expected place, the thought is so stretched to fill the verse, that it has the hypnotic effect of watching telephone lines dip and rise as one sits by a train window.

This is a worthy, sincere, conscientious, conservative kind of verse; and somehow it makes the heart sink. Is this the 'savage and scarlet that no green hills dare', which one of Mr Jones's own exemplars once hoped might emerge from the Australian waste? No, it is the tame and colourless that any university man anywhere might write; it comes under the heading of 'Humanities'; and to be humane is no longer, if it ever was, enough.

Judith Wright

T. H. JONES:
Songs of a Mad Prince
Rupert Hart-Davis. London. 15s. 6d.

This is the second volume of poetry by a Welshman now lecturing at Newcastle University College; it contains forty-five original pieces, including one prose-poem, and half-a-dozen versions from the Italian of Roberto Sanesi.

Mr Jones has not long been in Australia, and his book seems to owe nothing to his residence here; its component poems have appeared before in overseas journals such as the *TLS*, the *New Statesman* and the *Dublin Magazine*. This evidence aside, however, it would be easy to deduce that Mr Jones wrote his poems away from Australia, for his attitudes, interests and to some extent his poetic methods are markedly British and unlike the verse written out here by poets of his generation.

For this reason his book serves to point a contrast. What our poets often lack, and what Mr Jones most obviously possesses, is a sense of decorum and technical control. Many of his poems are very short, and hence insubstantial, but in such as 'Martyrdom', 'Adam' and 'A Song' we find a shapeliness and balance which makes them into a satisfying whole. These poems are neat, unpretentious and pleasant. Again, like many of his British contemporaries, Mr Jones manages intricate forms like the villanelle, of which there are at least two examples here, with a skill reminiscent of Empson, his model.

In another way he is noticeably different from Australian poets. He writes very little about landscape. His concern is rather with personal feelings, the drama of the self one might say; those feelings of love and terror and hate that consume the self. The language he uses, and the attitudes he takes I find somewhat unconvincing, because melodramatic. I may be unfair to Mr Jones, but the sombreness of his world seems to me to owe more to convention than to deeply felt experience.

This, indeed, is my dominant impression on reading his poems; that one can justifiably use them to draw certain general lessons because they do in fact lack individuality and the capacity to move or stir the reader. One is conscious of the influence of the poets who have defined the mode in which these poems are cast, rather than the poems themselves. I have already mentioned Empson; notice, for example, a stanza from 'It is Not Fear':

It is not fear but knowing what to fear
Frightens you most, whatever you believe.
I ought to know: I bought the knowledge dear.

This differs from its model only (and blessedly) in being much easier to follow. And consider too, the heavy reminiscences of Auden in lines such as these:

The meaning of fear is not apparent
In the trapped smile;

The shriek and penetration of the truth
Evoke, perhaps, only a casual response
From the audience locked in its own distance

or these:

In the room of the curse and the web of prayer,
The room of the conversations in the dying head. . . .

with the characteristic syntax. In 'Long-Ago Love' we even meet a famous phrase:

My long-ago love goes lightly through the summer
As random as a dream, and the ruined boys
Forget their debt to time to see her smiling.

Accordingly, the pleasure to be derived from Mr Jones's volume is a qualified one. He is a craftsman; he is rarely obscure—except perhaps in his opening poem, 'Eclogue'—or untidy. He does not, however, seem to me individual or moving enough to make his verse remarkable, or even at times interesting except in its representativeness. This is not to say (perhaps I should add) that it is inferior to much of what is published in his adopted country.

Grahame Johnston

FERDINAND PEROUTKA:
Democratic Manifesto
Voyages Press. New York. $3.00

Peroutka's book examines the Marxist dialectical system and demonstrates that it is markedly inconsistent. Marxism claims to be an objective and scientific thesis about the whole of man; but its scientific claims depend upon its ignoring historical and economic developments since Marx's day.

Marx formulated his thesis in the dark ages of capitalism: when starvation and child labour were the invariable products of a capitalist society. At that stage Democracy, as we have since come to know it, was still in an embryonic form.

Commenting on the growth of Democracy, Peroutka says: 'Democracy first transformed the state, then it altered the nature of capitalism; production ceased to be an independent deity; tendencies towards a humanistic control of production grew stronger—production was governed by social laws and controlled by social conscience; where conscience was lacking, it was imposed.'

Marx, constrained by the straitjacket of his philosophy, couldn't have imagined capitalism being changed to the extent of some incomes being taxed ninety-two per cent as in England; nor could he have foreseen Welfare Statism when he prophesied that capitalism contained within itself the germ of its own destruction.

Democratic Manifesto points out that the standard of living has dimensionally increased from the time of Marx. Twentieth century man now not only demands and needs food, shelter and economic security, but 'education, freedom, leisure, civil rights'. The continual stream of refugees into Austria, Western Germany and Hong Kong demonstrates that these necessities are denied in every province of the Communist paradise. Barbed wire and machine guns on Communist borders are not there primarily to keep people out but to ensure that those already enjoying the paradise of the most progressive states the world has ever seen can't relinquish the sources of their boundless enjoyment.

Discussing Communist theory, Peroutka says: 'The core, not the shell of Marxism is the doctrine of the exploitation of the surplus value of labour. . . . The doctrine of the exploitation of labour became the moral basis of socialism.' And yet that great defender of freedom and truth, Stalin, declared; 'it is necessary to repudiate certain terms taken over from Marx's *Capital*.' We must, Stalin went on, put an end to the talk about 'the surplus value of labour', 'surplus labour', 'surplus

labour time'; because, says Peroutka, the Communist Party uses the surplus value of labour to finance the largest army in the world, its subversive activities in 'capitalist' countries and, we might add, actions like the slaughter in Hungary and Tibet.

Democratic Manifesto is essentially a manifesto and not an extensive critical analysis of the workings of Democracy. It is a plea to re-appraise Communist and Democratic ideology and to realize that even though Democrats and Communists use the same words, they mean different things by them. Take 'toleration' for instance: Communism tolerates everything that's in the best interest of the State. Everything in the best interests of the State doesn't include any idea that is historically, philosophically or even, God help us, biologically against 'scientific' socialism. Democracy, on the other hand, permits capitalism to flourish in America, semi-socialism in England and socialism in Sweden.

Democrats, Peroutka says, must be more passionate about their belief in, and enjoyment of, a Democratic society; the only thing which will convince people of the advantages of a Democratic state is the vision which Democrats have of the freedom of man; and the more Democracy can safeguard the economic and civil rights of man the more inviolable will it be.

Democratic Manifesto arrives in Australia at a time when the ethos of our intellectual and political life focusses our attention on McCarthyism, phoney 'Peace' Congresses, mawkish left-wingism, anti-Americanism, irresponsible neutralism and anti-Santamarianism, rather than on the threat of totalitarianism.

Peter Kelly

SOME CONTRIBUTORS

V. L. Borin, who came to Australia from Czechoslovakia, is now publishing a monthly *Pacific Letter* devoted to the thesis that the balance of power in the Pacific can be restored only by the rapid industrialization of non-Communist Asian countries and the development of a Common Market including Australia.

James McAuley will continue to edit *Quadrant* from the island dependency to the south, in whose university he has become Reader in Poetry.

Peter Shrubb has published in *The London Magazine* and will appear in *The New Yorker* about the same time as in *Quadrant*.

Charles Higham is working on a novel, a long narrative poem about early settlers, and a book about contemporary Australian writing.

I. I. Morris is a specialist in Japanese history, at present visiting professor at Columbia University.

M. J. Charlesworth has recently contributed to Henry Mayer's symposium *Catholics and the Free Society* published by Cheshire, which will be reviewed in a later issue.

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